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The TATTLER

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VIVIEN LEIGH: STAR OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Darjeeling-born, British Vivien Leigh has achieved the remarkable feat of carrying off an "Oscar," statuette awarded annually by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance as Scarlett O'Hara, deep South heroine of *Gone With the Wind*, which captivated even those compatriots of Scarlett who before the film was made had insisted that none but a Southern girl was fit for this great Southern part. *Gone With the Wind*, "the longest and most expensive film ever made," which in the States has already smashed as many money-taking records as did Margaret Mitchell's monster book from which it was taken, is to have its London première on April 18 simultaneously at the Empire, the Palace and the Ritz

(Some more pictures on page 45)

And the World Said—



Lenore

MISS IONE BARCLAY
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

The bridegroom-elect is Mr. Harold Cassel, youngest son of the famous K.C., Sir Felix Cassel and Lady Helen Cassel, who is a sister of the Earl of Verulam. Miss Barclay is the eldest daughter of Captain Evelyn and the Hon. Mrs. Barclay, of Colney Hall, Norwich. Mrs. Barclay is the elder of Lord Somerleyton's two sisters

National Gallery Exhibition

"BRITISH Painting Since Whistler" at the National Gallery is a tenuous exhibition which begins cheerfully with an unexpectedly handsome catalogue for fourpence. Then comes Orpen to remind us of all that this war's official artists have to paint up to. His manner alone guarantees a measure of immortality. Reflecting that all Art is mortal—for even Epstein's bibelots might not shock or absorb a high explosive—we proceed to some of the Steers, and the James Prydes; the "Head of a Child" by Sargent; an adorable Orchardson from the Kirkcaldy Art Gallery; five Pepsos demonstrating the power and Parisian *gamme* of the Glasgow School (but why no Cadells?) and to Sir William Nicholson's great picture "Rosy, or la Petite Marchande" (the sitter is the granddaughter of Ellen Terry) in the first two rooms—XX and XIX. Viewers are playing the old game of



LADY DORIA NEUMANN AND HER DAUGHTER, ROXANNA

A domestic little picture taken at Mr. Stefan and Lady Doria Neumann's house at Dorking, which is on her father, the Duke of Newcastle's, estate, Harrowlands. Mr. Stefan Neumann is on the London Stock Exchange

favourites and many choose "Rosy," a masterpiece in tones of *café-au-lait*. I was reminded of Lady Mendl's answer to a friend who asked how she had enjoyed a trip to the Aegean.

"I adored Greece, my dear, it's all MY colour"—pause, and then with the sibilant Elsiean hiss—"BEIGE."

Another favourite picture in this exhibition is the least obvious "Interior of St. Marks" ever painted. The artist is Sickert, and the lender anonymous. The Queen has lent her John of Shaw asleep (tremendous fun) and Mr. Philip Morrell his superlative John of Lady Ottoline Morrell intensely wide awake. Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck, a Norfolk squire of eclectic culture, who sometimes travelled with Sargent, is represented by a water-colour lent by Miss La Primaudaye, an R.C. lady who has exquisite taste. One of her sisters, Mrs. Harry Shaw, has some of the best antiques and one of the best cooks in the Regent's Park *quartier*—or had until the war to end oppression drastically curtailed civilization.

Greeting several arty boys disguised as able bodied seamen at the private view was Mr. "Gussie" Schwedler, who inherited some fine pictures, and is a collector of glass, or was until first-aid became his first obsession. He still gives stagey parties in a gilded hay-loft off Queen's Gate; the most recent was for Jeanne (*née* Ivy) Stewart and Jeanne de Casalis.

Music Tomorrow

In a foreword to the above exhibition Mr. Charles Marriot urges us to approach the pictures "in the same



Yevonde

THE HON. JACQUELINE VEREKER

The engagement of the only daughter of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, Lord Gort, to Captain W. P. Sidney, Grenadier Guards, was announced on April 1. Lord Gort, as most of the world knows, commanded the Grenadier Guards and Regimental District, 1930—1932

singleness of heart and mind with which the National Gallery concerts are attended." Audiences continue to be large and rapt. A pro. among the regulars is that superlatively efficient young pianist Jean Norris, who is going to marry an explorer, Lieutenant-Commander Martin Evans, R.N. He led the Public Schools Expedition to Newfoundland in '34, and is now serving on one of H.M.'s ships which has frequently been sunk by enemy wireless. Tomorrow night (Thursday, April 11) Jean Norris is giving a recital at seven o'clock at the Aeolian Hall with the Boyd Neel Orchestra. Their programme includes Delius, Chopin, Debussy, Mozart's Concerto in E flat, K.449, and a Concerto in D minor by C. P. E. Bach, as distinct from Johann Sebastian of that ilk.

The Arts in Dublin

Elizabeth Graves, who recently gave a song recital in Dublin, has a new neighbour there—her cousin, Mr. Alan Graves, a former attaché in Berlin, who once upon a time stayed with Goering. (To have stayed with the fat field marshal has a certain pre-war *cachet* which also attaches, in retrospect, to visiting the Munns in Palm Beach, and doing things with Mrs. Corrigan.) He adds to the sporting life of Dublin, and is a crack lawn tennis player. Mrs. Alan Graves was Gräfin Dohna und Schlodien.

Eire's new Attorney-General, Mr. Kevin Haugh, is the son of Mr. De Valera's old mathematical master, Professor Haugh (whose "Arithmetic" will be remembered "with tears" by countless Irish) and brother of Irene Haugh, whose poetry was introduced to the literary world by the great Æ. Another brainy boy, Professor Louis Renouf, of Cork University's Zoological Department, is bringing out a book which will tell us how to recognize the forty or fifty types of edible shell-fish snooping around the British coast, likewise seaweeds and sea birds. Soon the Quaglino's may offer us "*Albatross marinière*."

Dublin's intelligentsia flocked to Stephen Bone's exhibition of pictures for which he



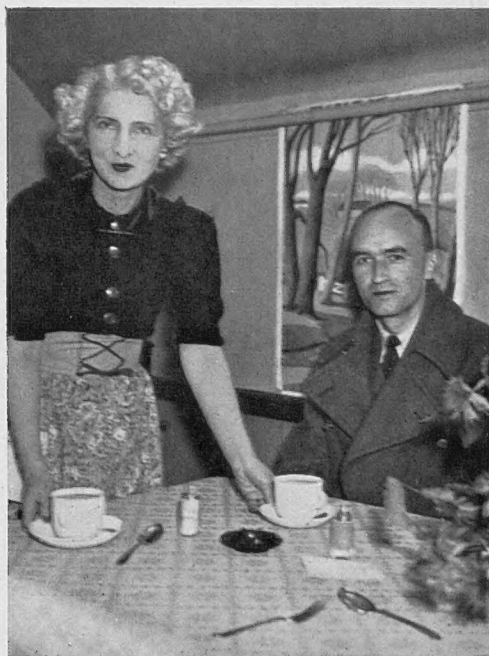
Truman Howell

AT THE GLAMORGANSHIRE
A.T.S. BALL AT CARDIFF

Lady Plymouth, who organized this ball, and was the original senior commandant, a post which she relinquished after setting things on a firm basis, with Miss Stanley, who is the county adjutant

husband's *Don Juan* which Gerald Pringle produced at the Gate, where John Izon has been acting with Lord Longford's company after resting at Upton Gorey, which belongs to his cousin, Major Loftus Bryan.

Musical Lord William Taylour has been staying with his father at Headfort Kells; Lady Carew (Sylvia Maitland) with her mother, Lady Lauderdale, in Scotland; Lord French and John Forbes (the Granards' younger son) with Mrs. Gaisford St. Lawrence at Howth Castle. And Lady Nelson has been hunting with the Galway Blazers; Lady Mary Hermon and her daughter are guests of the Clanwilliams in County Down, and



LADY FORRES AND AIRCRAFTMAN
LOW AT ST. MARTIN'S CANTEN



MRS. GUY RASCH,
HEAD OF THE CANTEN AND



MISS PHYLLIS GILLAND
AND MR. SIDNEY AMBLER

The "All Services" Canteen at St. Martin-in-the-Fields opened in December and is doing a fine job of work, thanks to the many willing and capable helpers, all unpaid. Lady Forres, who is a kinswoman of the Duke of Beaufort, is on duty every day and is seen giving a cup of tea to A/C (1st class) Low, who is with the H.Q. of an important R.A.F. group. This canteen was really Mrs. Guy Rasch's idea, and she works very hard at it. Colonel Guy Rasch, heir to his father, Sir Frederic, formerly commanded the Grenadier Guards and District. Mr. Sidney Ambler, a former director of the Bank of England, is one of the greatest pillars of support of the canteen. He is also part-designer of the new organ in St. Martin's Church

And the World Said—(Continued)

Sir Basil and Lady Goulding, back from England, are racing again. Usuals racing include members of the clan MacDermott. One of the Frank MacDermott's girls is taking a course in social economy at the university, and the elder, Ingrid, is visiting a sister-in-law of Geraldine Fitzgerald, that up-and-arrived-in-Hollywood film actress who is Mrs. Edward Lindsay-Hogg in married life.

Invalids and Others

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg has been at Rithin Castle, the nursing home in North Wales, for nearly two months. Also on the sick list was Captain Frank Stanley Clarke whose exceedingly decorative and gently charming wife is recovering from German measles. He has got over 'flu, appendicitis and complications but may not be returned to the B.E.F. Rumour is sending him to Rome as an extra Military Attaché. This young couple would fit into the diplomatic life excellently. She is half American, and half the Italian *contessas*, or their mothers, belong to the F.Fs. of the U.S.A.

That Rome can be a very delightful place to spend a war is a fact, as we say in Scotland, of which another temporary invalid—Major Alan MacGregor-Whitton, late R.S.F.—is fully aware. He cut a dashing figure there in the last war, but at the moment is sadly depressed, like many other "old gentlemen," at not being fit enough for this all-in-all-talkie epic-epic. The older generation in his native Perthshire, and in Angus, in the first flush of patriotic excitement, wished to form a Pioneer Corps, but now they are perforce contenting themselves with the humdrum of County Council meetings; A.R.P. and—a burning subject—forestry. The Government is criticized for marking "all the wrong trees," thus projecting another colossal expensive muddle. We can expect a rash of letters to Auntie Times, signed "Timber Lover."

In Scotland Now

There is considerable activity in Nairn where the dashing military include the Leslie Gray-Cheapes (his place, Bentley Manor in Leicestershire, is occupied by more soldiery), the "Pat" Andersons (she was in London on restaurant patrol last week), and a charming American Seaforth Highlander, Paul A. Curtis, from Bermuda, who can claim Mackenzie blood on his mother's side. He was one of the first, if not the first, American to get a British commission in this war, having fought as a stripling in the American Army last time, and earned several medals. He is a naturalist who writes about game shooting, and an authority on ballistics as applied to gunfire. Furthermore, a Canadian Seaforth Highlander, Captain Martin Griffin, who went to Downside and then through the R.M.C. at Kingston, Ontario, has been appointed A.D.C. to the Commander of the Canadian Expeditionary Force—Major-General A. G. L. MacNaughton.

In the west of Scotland the Argyllshire by-election

has provided considerable free entertainment. The Government candidate, Major McCallum (a protégé of Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch), is a notably poor speaker, which deficiency annoys the thoughtful Highlanders, and, but for the truce, the excellent Liberal candidate, Johnny Bannerman, would have got in. The Scottish Nationalist, Mr. William Power, proved a novelty, and a word-spinner. He was active in the islands, whence comes a letter from a woman of uncertain age and certain virtue saying—"Now that I live in a protected area, I feel like a particularly rare type of bird." There is some chagrin in Mull at having to get day passes for Oban, and every sort of pass for fishing. The latter *paperasse* is breeding new fishing jokes and yarns. Sailing prospects in those waters are far from halcyon, and it is thought summer visitors will be put off by having to apply for the equivalent of a passport.

In Café Society

That keen Isle of Wight yachtsman, "Johnny" Musker, is exceedingly happy, I hear, in his work as one of Mr. Winston Churchill's aides at the Admiralty, where hard work has its thrilling compensations, when good news flashes in. One night "Johnny" was at his desk when the door opened and the King walked in with Mr. Sumner Welles and the First Lord, to look over the latest bulletins.

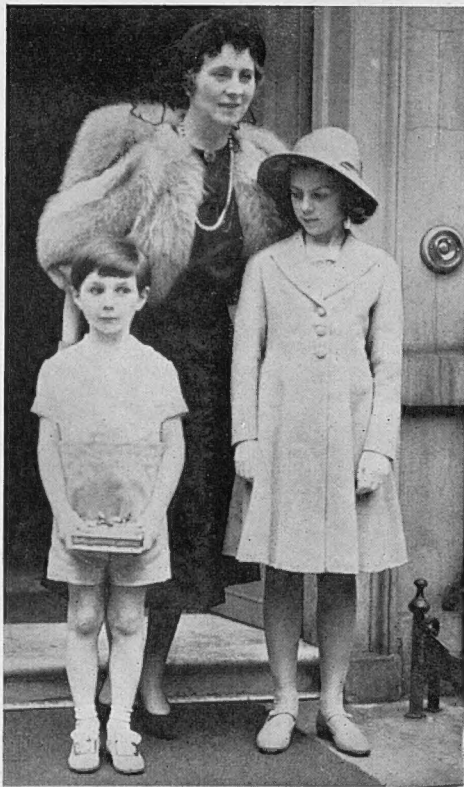
That pretty Mrs. Musker has recovered from her illness during a long sojourn in Switzerland is good news to the smart young matrons, who find her as equable and unfeline as Mrs. Charles Sweeney. One of her visitors in Switzerland was Mrs. Anthony Acton whose dark triangular face has been missing from the niteries for some time. So has the heart-faced beauty, Lady Bridgett Poulett, who sticks to her censorship work in "the wilds."

That popular spinster, Miss Grizel Davies, is censoring in the midlands, where her robust humour has made her new friends. Another much-liked unmarried, Miss Peggie Johnson, who is surprisingly well read for a late-nighter, was at Le Suivi the other night, but who, in café society, was not? Le Suivi is the most elegant, most Manhattan bottle party London has had in years. It took a war, and the enterprising Fitzroys to swing it in. There together were the Windsors' true friends, Colonel and Mrs. "Mike" Scanlon; the President's cousin, Mrs. Fellowes-Gordon, who runs an A.R.P. post in London; and the "Freddy" Camerons—he celebrating his commission in the R.A.F. after six months' service as an N.C.O. His wife, who wears clothes with that seemingly casual nonchalance

peculiar to open-air Americans, was asking the name of the man who looked as if we had won the war. Henry Horne.

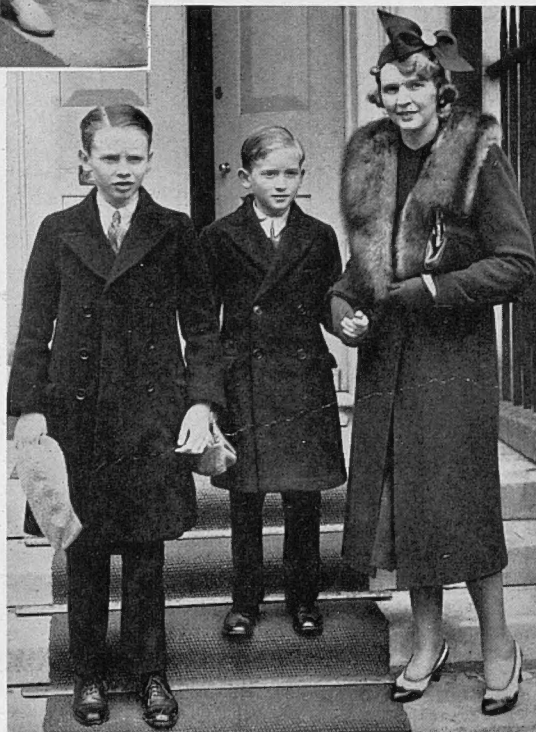
Others met while going places—Mrs. Hughes ("Bunty" Puckle) with cornflower streamers on a black hat like an envelope standing on end; Mrs. Geoffrey Bull (Vive Lindsay-Watson) whose husband commands a Grenadier battalion; Mrs. Christopher Hussey (Betty Kerr-Smiley) who lives in the country now, and was "up for the day," a phrase almost as lip-worn as "blackout"; the Duchess of Hamilton in a becoming Mary Stuart widow's bonnet; Lady Veronica Hornby, who is leading a quiet life in a new flat; Mr. Harold Mosenthal who is *not* giving up his racehorses, and is looking for an Elizabethan house; Mrs. Alex Barclay (unusually radiant these days and nights); Lady Diana Cooper, a vision in the Ritz; Tony

(Continued on page viii)



LAST WEEK'S BIG WEDDING

Lady Aberconway, mother of the Hon. John McLaren, who was married to Lady Rose Paget at Chelsea Old Church on April 3, is seen with her younger daughter, Ann, and her youngest son, Christopher McLaren, who was the only page in the wedding cortège



McLAREN-PAGET WEDDING GUESTS

Lady Brocket and her two sons, the Hon. Ronald and the Hon. David Nall-Cain, were among the many distinguished guests at the wedding of the Hon. John McLaren and Lady Rose Paget, fourth daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey

MARRIAGE BELLS— FOUR NOTABLE WEDDINGS



MAYALL—BURN

Special permission was given by H.M. the King for the wedding of Mr. Alexander Lees Mayall and Miss Renée Eileen Burn to take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on April 3. The bridegroom, who is in the Far Eastern section of the Foreign Office, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mayall, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, and the bride's father, Mr. Clive Burn, is Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall



McLAREN—PAGET

The Hon. John Francis McLaren, second son of Lord and Lady Aberconway, was married on April 3 at Chelsea Old Church to Lady Rose Paget, fourth daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey. Lord Anglesey has since 1922 been Lord Chamberlain to H.M. Queen Mary. He was A.D.C. to Field Marshal Lord Birdwood during the Dardanelles campaign in 1915.

Some pictures of guests at the wedding appear on the opposite page



CHICHESTER—VON PANNWITZ

The Earl of Chichester, after a civil ceremony on March 26, was two days later married in the English Church at Bennebroek, Holland, to Miss Ursula von Pannwitz. Lord Chichester is working at the British Legation at The Hague, where he is in charge of British propaganda. His bride was born in the Argentine, granddaughter of a Dutch emigrant of the 'seventies



MILNE—LESLIE

The Hon. George Milne, Royal Artillery, only son of Field Marshal Lord Milne, former Chief of the General Staff and C.-in-C. at Salonika during the last war, was married on April 2 at Westminster Abbey to Miss Cicely Leslie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Leslie. Lord Milne now holds the post of Master Gunner of St. James's Park

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Ringling the Changes

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS'S new novel, "Bethel Merriday," has this account of a film entitled *The Heart of an Understudy* :—

There was, it seems, a woman star, beautiful but wicked, and jealously devoted to ruining the fine young leading man by scandal hinting and cruel looks instead of by the simpler and much more effective weapon of upstaging him. This lady fiend had an understudy, a poor foundling girl, who had learned her histrionic craft in a Seventh Day Adventist Home for Orphans. The understudy hadn't a friend in the company except the kind young leading man, who carried her bags on overnight jumps.

So the wicked star also persecuted the understudy, till the glorious night when the star fell ill (with a particularly sudden onset of author's disease) and the understudy went on, and played so radiantly, so competently, that the critics and a lot of reporters—who just happened to be in the theatre on that ninety-third night of the New York run—wrote reports which were given two-column heads in all the dailies: "Miss Dolly Daintree Greatest Theatrical Find of Years: Unknown Girl Thrills Thousands at the Pantaloen Theatre." The star seemed distinctly annoyed by this until, dying, she discovered that the unknown female genius was her own daughter, by some marriage she had forgotten, and handed her over to the arms of the hero, along with a sizable estate—presumably so that they wouldn't have to go on acting.

Does anybody suggest that this is wickedly far-fetched? Or is it held that, though this may have been true of the kind of picture in favour ten years ago, we have changed all that? Such optimists should go to see *Night of Nights* at the Plaza. The hero of this one is an ageing actor who, eighteen years ago, was a star on Broadway, but unfortunately got drunk on the first night of his play about the circus, entitled *Laffter*. This, naturally, was all about the humble clown who loved the high-born bare back rider. For eighteen years this old actor had bemoaned his lost opportunity. Then who should turn up out of a convent but his eighteen-year-old daughter? And we gather that between them these two make the old play a great success. And all the more successful because it coincides with a magnificent death scene enacted by the clown in his own dressing-room. This nonsense, which is given its full value by Mr. Pat O'Brien and Miss Olympe Bradna, belongs to that class of film drama which has the generic title *The Show Must Go On*, which again is the old *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* stuff deriving straight from *Pagliacci*.

On the whole, I am not disposed to make fun of the philosophy of theatrical life which this kind of film puts forth, and hold it to be a mistake to think that it is a philosophy which applies solely to the theatre. Life becomes unendurable if people are allowed to introduce their private woes. Should waiters, for example, be human? The answer, so far as I am

concerned, is in the negative. The other day, in Kensington High Street, a man whose features were perfectly familiar to me raised his hat. This seemed odd, but I raised my hat in return and asked how the man did. Well, it appeared, all but his "trouble." Whereupon I noticed that he was wearing a black band round his arm. I made the usual noises signifying polite inquiry, and he said: "The wife. It's hard on me, but harder on the kids!" And all the time I was wondering who on earth the man was. At last he said: "I see you don't recognize me, sir. I'm your waiter at the Café Imperial." Now, what is the moral of this little story? The moral is that my life is henceforth complicated by a solicitude I do not want. Formerly, my new friend—for a man who has unburdened himself to you is to some extent your friend—formerly my friend was a cipher—smiling, attentive to my lightest wish, to be bullied when I was in a bad temper, and over-tipped when I was in a good one. Since I met him off duty, I have found myself asking after his brats, and one evening when I am alone he will show me their photographs, and when birthdays come round I shall send a box of soldiers to the four-year-old

boy and a doll to the three-year-old girl. It just is not fair. I do not want my suppers saddled with the slightest shade of responsibility.

But I am wandering from my point, which is that there are at least fifty times more cinemas than there are themes for film-plays. The result is that we have to go on seeing the same kind of films over and over again, and that on the whole the laugh-clown-laugh film is as good a variety as any other. By the way, aren't we due for another of those films whose generic title is *Sing, Soprano, Sing*? You know the stuff. How the possessor of a top C sings a quantity of high-pitched arias at the top of a flight of stairs. How she is affianced to Don José, and how her heart is torn by jealousy and despair at the carryings-on of her real sweetheart, Escamillo. How, in the midst of all these excitements, the director has overlooked the fact that the singer for *Carmen* should be a contralto and not a soprano. Does some pernickety reader put forward the quibble that Bizet wrote the part for a mezzo-soprano? Then I shall stipulate that the staircase from which the diva yodels is not quite so high, and leads to her apartment's mezzanine floor!

La Tragédie Impériale at the Embassy, a delightful new cinema in the Tottenham Court Road, is yet another statement of the Rasputin affair. Unless

my memory betrays me, there have been six other films on this subject. But this is easily the best of them, if only for the reason that M. Harry Baur is by a long way the finest actor who has been seen in the rôle of Rasputin. One expected and received an exciting performance of the tremendous happenings towards the end of this story. What one had not quite anticipated was the extraordinary tenderness of the long scene of the healing of the little Tsarevich.

The whole is a magnificent story brought to life by a magnificent actor. But the French director, M. Marcel L'Herbier, has not stopped there. In support of M. Baur he has engaged a cast which is equally credible whether as peasants or Russian aristocrats, a beautiful piece of acting coming from Mlle. Marcelle Chantal as the Tsarina. And to crown an evening of quite extraordinary pleasure there is a striking musical score, original and imaginative, by M. Darius Milhaud. In this music is the whole fall of the Romanoffs.



"LA TRAGÉDIE IMPÉRIALE"

Count Igor Kourloff, played by Pierre-Richard Willm, is chosen by his brother officers to give a glass of poisoned wine to Rasputin, whom they consider an enemy of the State. Harry Baur, in the part of Rasputin, gives another fine performance in *La Tragédie Impériale*, which James Agate reviews on this page, to add to his many triumphs in dramatic parts in French films. He will be remembered for his acting of the mad Tsar in *Le Patriote*

"JEANNIE'S" SUCCESS AT WYNDHAM'S

A SCOTTISH CINDERELLA STORY



DIANA CAIRD (MAGGIE), BARBARA MULLEN (JEANNIE) AND ELEANORE WILSON (BESSIE) IN THE SCENE IN THE COTTAGE AFTER THE DEATH OF JEANNIE'S MISERLY FATHER



JEANNIE AND STANLEY SMITH (ERIC PORTMAN) IN THE SCENE ON THE CHANNEL STEAMER

The success of Aimée Stuart's play and of Barbara Mullen, the young actress from the Isle of Aran, was a foregone conclusion from the moment of its production at the Torch Theatre on February 6. The endorsement given to the original verdict by the audiences and the critics at Wyndhams has been emphatic. Barbara Mullen's touch in this charming little Cinderella story is certain, spontaneous and never faltering. This little drudge Jeannie, who is left £200 by a miserly father, who determines to fare forth to the Vienna of the "Blue Danube" and meets her Prince Charming, lives in this clever young actress's presentation and she is surely destined for a great career. The Prince Charming, a commercial traveller from Yorkshire, is admirably played by Eric Portman, and the almost-villain, the Count, equally well by Albert Lieven. The Count believes that Jeannie must be an heiress, but drops her like a red hot coal when he finds that she is penniless. Finally of course the heroine, after going back to be someone's Cinderella in Glasgow, marries her Prince, and, so we hope, lives happily ever afterwards.

A pretty little story beautifully acted.



THE SCENE IN THE RESTAURANT IN VIENNA: ALBERT LIEVEN (THE COUNT), JEANNIE AND VICTOR FAIRLEY (THE WAITER)

Photos: Houston Rogers



A PROPER BUMPER AT GATWICK LAST WEEK

It looks a bit worse than it was as Mr. T. Hanbury got well clear of Sheer Off, when he fell in the Brook Steeplechase, for which he started third favourite to Tanya's Knight, the ultimate winner. Sheer Off is owned by Captain L. M. Murphy

THE attendances at all the recent meetings have proved that the public interest in racing, as a spectacle at any rate, has never been greater, and a clerk of the course of a south country racecourse describes recent attendances as simply staggering. Clerks of courses are like farmers, not easy to please, so when they ascend to superlatives you can rest assured that something pretty remarkable has happened. Big and small meetings alike have been attended by bumper crowds. So great an attraction did the little Wetherby Bank Holiday Meeting prove that transport facilities from York and Newcastle proved inadequate, and quite a number of would-be racegoers never got there at all—despite which I believe the crowd broke all records for the course.

When I heard of the wonderful crowds on Easter Monday it did seem sad that no racing was to be permitted on the following day. A lot of people were still on holiday, and I don't only mean those with hangovers, but the powers that be are determined that we shall only get our racing in small doses. Don't blame the Jockey Club for the state of affairs. It is difficult for those of us who have spent our lives under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club, to understand that there is a higher authority than this august body of men, at any rate in this world, but it is nevertheless true, and in wartime the Jockey Club have got to mind their P's and Q's and take orders the same as all the rest of us. I am quite sure that if the Jockey Club had their way we should race every day of the week, but if those in authority over the Jockey Club say that racing isn't to take place on certain days, it just doesn't take place, and that's all there is to it. The Jockey Club govern everything that happens on the Turf, but the other fellows have the power to put you underneath it.

I am frankly somewhat at a loss to understand why we should not be granted more racing, things being as they are. Whenever I ask any one who I think might have some inside information on the subject, he always looks very wise and says, "Transport difficulties, my dear fellow, transport difficulties." I have no knowledge of the petrol situation in this country, and I would not advocate the use of one pint of the precious stuff for the transport of racegoers or racehorses, but I cannot feel the same patriotic fervour of economy with regard to coal.

Prior to my accident (I am now on sick leave and well on the road to recovery, and would like to thank my

many well-wishers for their kind inquiries) I was stationed among the coalfields of Northumberland and Durham, and I can assure you that by no means every pit was working full time, and there was always a queue of idle men round the Labour Exchanges. The Royal Air Force consumes millions of gallons of petrol every month, and their consumption is ever on the increase. Every drop has to be imported, so if we were told that there was none available for private purposes we should grin and bear it. Coal, on the other hand, lies under our own soil, and those unemployed men round the Labour Exchanges bear tribute to the fact that it is not being fully exploited. I am at a loss to understand the attitude of the railway companies, who now that they have been given that square deal they have been asking for, have lost all enterprise, and seem only concerned with how few trains they can run. I have only once, in recent weeks, not had to stand in the corridor, and that was when I was carried to the station on leaving hospital. Why, since we have obviously an abundance of coal can't the railway companies afford such facilities as would obviate these transport difficulties which are curtailing the proper functioning of the great industry of racing?



ON LINCOLN'S FIRST DAY

Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Crawford, the senior steward of the meeting and Marigold, Lady Londesborough, who is a Senior Commandant A.T.S., and who is a kinswoman of Lord Avebury. Close finishes, big fields and fair to good medium weather were the leading notes

Public interest in racing at the moment is superficial, and the sport is regarded by its devotees solely in the light of a spectacle and a diversion, and not as an absorbing study, as it was in peace time. You hardly ever hear racing discussed these days in clubs or bars where on pre-war days it was the chief topic of conversation, and an S.P. bookmaker tells me there is very little off-the-course betting. People however are going racing, and that's all that matters as far as racing is concerned.

Now that racecourse companies can count on good attendances, so long as the war doesn't start, and if it does there won't be any racing, so they needn't worry themselves about that, it is up to them to do all they can to preserve the life blood of racing, by which I mean the owners. All the jockeys might go to the war, and all the licensed trainers go on strike, and there would still be racing, but if the owners walked out on us or were forced out of business through lack of £ s. d., there wouldn't be any. I am not the owner of so much as the hind leg of an aged plater, at the moment, so I am not speaking from my personal point of view when I say that in the interest of the Turf everything should be done to help owners wherever possible by reducing entry fees and increasing stakes. For every trainer or jockey who drops out there is always another to take his

(Continued on page viii)

AT THAT BUSY RACING CENTRE—NAAS

MR. PETER RAWLINSON AND
MISS HAIDÉE KAVANAGHMRS. G. A. HARRIS AND HER
JOCKEY, M. MOLONEYLORD MILTON WITH MISS
ARBELLA MACKINTOSHTHE RT. HON. T. K.
LAIDLAWCAPTAIN CYRIL HARTY
AND MR. A. LOEWENSTEIN

Photos. : Poole, Dublin

THE HON. BRINSLEY PLUNKET AND HIS DAUGHTERS,
DOON (LEFT) AND NEELIA

Naas may claim to have been one of Eire's busiest racing centres of late, and as the management invariably supplies a very good performance, and as it is so handy to Dublin and Kildare, it has had the good "houses" which it fully deserves. The occasion dealt with above was no exception, and save that favourites did not come up with the regularity backers would have liked, everyone seemed to have enjoyed him and herself. The worst upset was in the Hunters' 'Chase, in which, after Mr. C. Odum's "Gilt Edge" looked as if he were home and dried, for he was out by himself, he was caught close home by Mr. T. J. Taaffe's

"Ah Well," very well ridden by Mr. A. Loewenstein, son of the popular personality who was known as "Loew" to all Leicestershire, and whose tragic death was a great grief to so many. Mr. Loewenstein was unlucky not to get a right and left, as he looked like winning the Kildare 'Chase on his own "April Mist," but it was not to be. As to other personalities, Lord Milton, who is in the Brigade of Guards, is Lord Fitzwilliam's son and heir, and was on a spot of leave; Miss Arbella Mackintosh, who is seen with him, is a daughter of the late Captain Angus Mackintosh, and Lady Maud Baillie, and Mrs. Harris had one running in one of the flat races. Mr. T. K. Laidlaw, great pillar of sport ashore and afloat, needs no introduction, and Cecil Brabazon is the trainer of "Jack Chaucer," winner of the Red Cross and Irish Grand National Steeplechases. The Hon. Brinsley Plunket, now in the R.A.F., is an uncle of Lord Plunket, and married Miss Aileen Guinness

MR. CECIL BRABAZON, FAMOUS IRISH
TRAINER, AND MR. DICK SHEEHAN

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Maud.

I HAVE just found a friend. No, not a real friend: just a book one. You see, at my time of life people don't make real friends, if they haven't got any already.

There isn't time, for one thing. Friendship is so different from love—or what passes for love, anyway, in the matrimonial hunt steeplechase—since it requires time. Otherwise, for all you can know, it may only be an infatuation. There comes a moment in infatuation when, after you have both

talked more intimately than you have ever talked to anybody for years, there is a lull. A certain blankness, a definite search for something sprightly to utter; an unconscious, or maybe conscious, desire to get away. Then, if you have no memories to share, is born a certain bored embarrassment. Which is why so often two people who rush into friendship equally quickly rush out of it again. So, towards the deeper twilight of life, it is as well, if life hasn't carried one or two real friends along with you, to find your



MRS. A. F. TSCHIFFELY, B.B.C.
BROADCASTER

The name used is "Violetta Marquesita," the one under which the charming lady broadcasts in Spanish to South America. Mrs. Tschiffely is half-Scots and half-French, and was born in Argentina. She is a collector of antiques and needlework, and is seen with one of her finds. She won fame in the Nigel Playfair production of *The Beggar's Opera*, and was naturally much interested in the Gielgud one

the things among which people, as people, don't matter very much—music, art, literature, and especially the ever-changing loveliness of nature. If these make absolutely no appeal to you as you grow old, then ten-to-one you become one of those too, too friendly garrulous bores ever intent upon finding a new victim into whose ears to pour the past and present story of their life and its too, too small importances.

For myself, I would gladly sacrifice half the people I know and like if, by sacrificing them, I might retain the real friends I have found in books. Book friends are so delightful because you can seek their company when you feel in the mood for them, ask them to go when you have had enough and there is no offence taken by either of you. You can't very well do that with human beings. Besides, in books somebody is at least trying to say *something*—even when they can't. In real life I have long since discovered that a crowd of human beings is a crowd saying absolutely nothing at all—or, rather, like a General Store, their conversation has an immense variety, but nothing in it is over sixpence. And don't you get tired at last of "nothing-over-sixpence"! Well, perhaps my new friend does not offer me anything very much worth more than a shilling, but she offers it so gaily, she exhibits it so charmingly, and she is very young—so you don't expect too much, anyway. And I met her first of all in a private diary of nearly six hundred pages which she began to write in the year 1881 and finished in 1895. The name of this

diary, published by Macmillan at 12s. 6d., bears the Christian name of the diarist as its title: "Maud."

Maud's home was in Cairo, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi, and I take it she was the most popular flirt in the town. But she was much more than a flirt: she was a highly intelligent girl; not pretty, one must suppose, but fascinating in a lively, up-to-any-innocent-bit-of-fun kind of way. So, although she could begin her diary after the good Victorian manner, thus: "Sweet Journal—It is warm, a light breeze coming in the window and the frogs croaking really like summer-time," you get a better picture of the real Maud in the next few lines. "At school the tempter drew my Astronomy and me to the back window, and then the breeze was so gentle, the maple leaves just within reach stirred so softly, that I couldn't study Equinoxes and Zodiacs, but gazed out to the cool rippling waters under the shady trees of what the girls call Elm Grove, and the big steamers sailing up the Mississippi." Well, to be honest, Maud was alternately studying something hard and long and successfully, but always being tempted in between to the lure of pretty clothes, parties, picnics and especially young men. This makes her diary so adorably human.

Young men were perhaps her greatest problem. At about the age of fifteen she had had a tremendous "pash" for a young man whose good looks might to-day have made him a film-star. Unfortunately, Robert only responded when he was there; when he went away, he forgot. Which was just as well, on the whole, as it turned out; but the memory of his good looks made all her other admirers start with a handicap. Moreover, Maud, like all the other young ladies of Cairo fifty years ago, was a staunch supporter of temperance; so that one sip of beer, if unrepented, dashed a would-be lover's chances as if he had been a year in jail. No wonder Elmer, the most mentally anæmic of them all, nearly became her husband. He was, indeed, so terribly good and faithful that Maud could never quite make up her mind if she loved him or if he bored her. Mentally, he did bore her, because she herself was a most successful student at the local university, and was always searching for more and more knowledge; while at the same time having the jolliest fun at home and among her friends. Elmer could share in these amusements, anyway. So when somebody is terribly good and terribly kind and terribly faithful, it does incline a girl to believe that of such the perfect husband is made. Only, alas! they are not. Something more is required. And all the other young men had this something, more or less; so no wonder Maud was distracted by perplexity!



MR. H. TURNER—A GREAT OXFORD
PERSONALITY

Known and much liked by thousands of old Oxford men, Mr. Turner, a journalist by profession, has been for over sixty years the official timekeeper of Oxford University Athletic Club. A very keen cricketer, he was secretary of both the Oxfordshire and the Oxford City Cricket Clubs, and is still very active, despite his eighty years. Fine work!

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(Continued on page 46)



At Tara, her family's lovely estate in Georgia, Scarlett O'Hara welcomes her neighbours, the Tarleton twins (Fred Crane and George Reeves), from whom she is to learn of the engagement of her sweetheart, Ashley Wilkes, to Melanie Hamilton

GONE ARE THE DAYS— "GONE WITH THE WIND"



When the Civil War breaks out, Ashley Wilkes (Leslie Howard) joins the Southern Army. Here he says farewell to Melanie Hamilton (Olivia de Havilland) and Scarlett O'Hara, before leaving for the front



Scarlett goes to Atlanta and, the widow of a loveless marriage, is swept off her feet by tempestuous Rhett Butler (Clark Gable), a swaggering blockade-runner, with whom, defying the strict conventions of the South, she dances at a Confederate Ball before she is out of mourning for her husband



Atlanta falls to Sherman and his Yankees, and Scarlett, taking with her the sick Melanie and her new-born child, makes her way through incredible privations back to Tara, her old home, to find it devastated by the victorious army. With the help of her faithful family slaves, now officially "freed," she sets to work to build up some sort of life among the ruins of all that the old South stood for

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Perhaps it was as well she never did make up her mind, because Robert the Handsome went to the dogs, eventually, with a wife and family; and Elmer the Good landed in jail! Consequently, like so many fascinating flirts of her generation—and, indeed, of this one—provided also they are intelligent young women—Maud was over thirty before she married anyone at all; and then, when she did marry, her husband appears to have been more worthy than wonderful.

Well, perhaps you may be thinking that nearly six hundred pages of this kind of thing can't possibly be very interesting. But you would be wrong. Maud's home life, her friends, her ambitions, all the local habits and jollifications of a small American town fifty years ago, are so vivid in her diary that before many pages you feel you could be included as one of the family, as one of the older inhabitants of the place!! True, towards page 400, or thereabouts, you may begin to wonder if you could not echo a remark which "Elizabeth" makes in her new novel, "Mr. Skeffington": "When people come to lunch and stay to dinner, about half-past six they seem to have been in the house a very long time." But it is only a comparatively less enjoyment. When people who come to lunch and stay to dinner seem to have been in the house a very long time by about half-past six, it is equally true that about nine o'clock you feel so pleased with their society that you debate within yourself if, indeed, you won't ask them to stay the night! The second breath has, so to speak, been reached by then. So, towards page 500, Maud's undoubted charm and variety reasserts itself, though in a more mature form. Never could she be dull, because never could she be stupid. She leads two lives: a highly intelligent inner one, and a gay, frothy outer one; and the two are switched on and off delightfully, long before complete satiety in either is ever reached. So I, for one, am thankful that this old diary has been rescued from the dusty oblivion of a back drawer in an attic and sent forth to interest and entertain the larger world. A modern world which will, I am sure, be highly amused by this other world of not-so-long-ago, which, although not ancient in time, seems in its descriptions older than history. For example, some of us remember clothes like this, and thought them beautiful: "Wore my green satin and velvet, red sash and roses, red ribbons in hair, and locket at throat tied with red ribbons, loops and streamers falling over shoulders, black slippers and stockings, and musquetaire kid gloves [cream-coloured]." To-day a costume such as this would look rather like the day-before-the-rum-mage-sale. Nevertheless, our dresses, fifty years hence, will look incurably silly—quite probably. Therefore, be sure to meet "Maud" are my final words of advice. She is really good company—intelligence and youthfulness mixed delightfully.

Tale of Macassar.

There is a moral in Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's new novel, "Judge Not" (Hutchinson; 8s. 3d.), though she fails to point it out. It is that fanaticism, without humanity, begins by boring its converts and ends in murderous revolt.



MR. A. G. ELLIOT-SMITH,
CHELTENHAM'S NEW HEADMASTER

At the end of Harrow School's spring term last week, Mr. A. G. Elliot-Smith, who has been an assistant master at the famous school on the Hill, left to take up his new office as Cheltenham's new head. Earlier in the term Harrow lost another of her masters, Mr. H. S. Marchant, who has gone to the Foreign Office

Van Broeke, a Dutch missionary in Macassar, is one of those super-perfervid Christians who have forgotten that Christianity begins in the home and only then should spread itself outside. In his home he had the lack of consideration which only people possessed of what they like to term a "call" indulge, and indulge in self-righteously. His wife, Christine van Broeke, may follow if she likes, but he, her husband, has a great work for God to do, and the natives are his instrument. Apparently, he is convinced that Christine, being his wife, will get better and better for being married to him; in the meanwhile he expects her to make smooth his way when he crosses the home threshold at last, tired and weary by well-doing. But Christine has fallen in love with Hugo de Jonge, a young officer in the Dutch colonial army, and the story



DOUGLAS REED, AUTHOR
OF "INSANITY FAIR"

The talented author's latest book, "Nemesis," a most arresting and probably prophetic work, has just been published. "Insanity Fair" and "Disgrace Abounding" both won great fame for their author. Douglas Reed is at present contributing "Sanity Fare," a weekly war article, to the "Bystander"

"Cantropolis Sun," and from gaining the ownership of that newspaper his worldly affairs never look back. No wonder his wife pitifully declares to the man she loves, a pianist named Kurt: "Sam married me and then fell in love with a newspaper." Personally, it seemed to me she was well rid of him, for Sam cultivated deliberately the utmost vulgarity which great wealth can bestow upon the instinctively vulgar. Nothing mattered to him but his power and his wealth, and his manners were those of the dirty savage in luxurious places. Only when his domestic affairs begin seriously to impinge upon his business racket does he become something more interesting than rather a repulsive insect, but his own flair for the ostentatious comes out again at the end, when his dead son, to whom everyone thought he was devoted, was given a flamboyant funeral in which Sam was more important than the corpse! This is a story, in fact, wherein a complete lack of sympathy for the main figure becomes at last fascinating in its spiritual repulsiveness. Moreover, it is amusing.

mainly concerns this tragic, passionate love-affair. The climax of the sad affair reaches its height at the moment when one of the periodical orgies held by the natives turns them all, for the time being, into the "savages" which they were before Christianity made somewhat grim converts of them all. Though van Broeke has devoted his whole life to their welfare, though they respect him in their way, though they are grateful to a certain extent, nevertheless in their fury of "escape from it all" they capture him and crucify him. Mrs. Mordaunt has given us no very subtle tale, nor are her characters anything other than familiar, but the local scene is splendidly done, and some of the less important characters are admirably portrayed. These latter lend freshness and a certain zest to an otherwise conventional drama.

Bounder in Prosperity.

"Sam" (Nicholson and Watson; 9s.) is the story of a prosperous bounder who in some strange way is "likeable" simply because his creator has made him almost disgustingly alive. A lucky game of poker gives him possession of the mid-western



THE V.W.H. (LORD BATHURST'S) AT THE ABBEY, CIRENCESTER (MISS R. REYNOLDS IN FOREGROUND)

A
PRESENTATION
TO
MR. W. B.
BLUMSOM,
80, NOT OUT!

(BELOW)
LORD BATHURST, M.F.H.,
MAJOR W. WINWOOD
(HON. SEC.), MAJOR
GORDON DUGDALE AND
LADY BATHURST



LORD BATHURST, M.F.H., MR. HENRY NESBIT AND CAPTAIN NIGEL DUGDALE

The presentation to "Doctor" Blumsom, the oldest member of Lord Bathurst's hunt, was more or less a surprise function and all the pleasanter for that same. It was at a specially arranged meet for his eightieth birthday at Major Gordon Dugdale's house, The Abbey, Cirencester, and it was to commemorate not only a fox-hunter's birthday, but also the fact that he has hunted with these hounds, boy and man, for seventy-two seasons—a grand innings, and made all the more



Photos.: W. Dennis Moss

MAJOR J. GORDON DUGDALE AND MR. W. B. BLUMSOM—"DOCTOR" TO HIS FRIENDS distinguished by the fact that the *bénéficiaire* still goes as a good man would and should. The presentation took the form of a silver salver with a suitable inscription, a vellum-bound volume containing the names of the subscribers, whose name was legion, and a cheque for the unspent balance, which Major Gordon Dugdale said he hoped the "Doctor" would devote to buying chocolates for his wife and a bit of tobacco for himself to smoke when hacking home!



"COME OUT TO PLAY!"

AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT



JESSIE MATTHEWS
AND HAL THOMPSON

her mother's hat to make her look older. . . . Cochran's great revues at the London Pavilion made Jessie a great star . . . though film men originally said she was not photogenic, her vivid personality caught film-goers by surprise." Here are revealing frankness, engaging modesty, and a salute to the maestro who introduced her to fame. That tailboard helps to explain why Miss Matthews, in despite of teeth and a lankiness which in early days was near to gawkiness, seemed to be the young girl of the period incarnate. She was Everygirl who worked for a living, plus much that most others hadn't got: special vitality, lovely grace in movement and the instincts of a born dancer to whom dancing was as natural as is talking to a politician. There were evident reasons why the film guys should first guess she was not photogenic, and then find themselves with an English Ginger Rogers on their hands.

But that was yesterday. Surely some of the girlish verve would have evaporated during the nine years since she danced on the flesh-and-blood stage in London? Well, some part of it had gone; but it was mostly the angular part. Otherwise, Matthews is as Matthews was, but with perfection in her timing and a more disciplined lightness. One of her numbers in *Come Out to Play!* (a ballet in which she mimes a half-caste Chinese and chants the odd couplet: "In the smell of the incense, They seem to lose sin-sense") is a bit beyond her dramatic range. And the enunciation of trite lyrics is never her strong point ("When the mewn is shining up abahve; You're as timid as a tur-tle dahve"). But the floating grace is there, and the pert comedy and the nice little pieces of pathos. She is charming in a Viennese item, good in one or two sketches, very good as a taxi-dancer at a Palais de Danse, and particularly funny in an imitation of Binnie Hale doing an imitation of Jessie Matthews.

Sonnie Hale, as compère, does more than talk blandly and wear a large range of dressing-gowns. He cements the whole

I ADMIRE Mrs. Sonnie Hale for several reasons, including her programme-note. "The tailboard of a lorry in Soho was Jessie Matthews's first 'stage.' She danced on it to entertain her school friends . . . at fifteen she paraded at a Cochran audition, wearing

show and is exceedingly matey (he stops just short of being excessively so, what with the many, many domestic cross-references as between "Jessie" and "Sonnie"). He is amusing in several eccentric turns, whether as an absinthe-drinker, an old-maidish lecturer or plain, silly-ass. Fruitier comicality comes from George Carney, particularly when doing the Chairman of a music-hall of the 'nineties, whereby old tunes crop up again in one of those sing-songs without which no war-time revue seems complete. But the title of this item, "George Remembers," just won't hold water. George misremembers much

if he is the authority for this rendering of old melodies, which is all very pleasant but remote from the originals. Among the Ancient Victorians and Hearty Edwardians, "Daisy Bell" and her bicycle were not thus gayed. "Tarara-Boom-de-Ay" was made electric by one Lottie Collins, but is not so when done by four jolly chorines; Mr. Hale clowns "She Was a Dear Little Dicky Bird," instead of singing it straight; Miss Matthews, as the girl whose daddy wouldn't buy her a bow-wow, is "knowing" instead of a simpleton; and the inevitable "Lily of Laguna" recalls little of Stratton except the plaintive moosings and the plantation hat.

Others usefully present are Hal Thompson, an American with rhythm, a sense of comedy and an aptitude for acting a lunatic; Peggy Rawlings, who has a sense of character but might temper her exuberance with some restraint; Tommy Hayes,

Eric Cole and Robert Dorning. Shirley Lenner croons insistently, and I cannot deny that some people like to hear harmonic moaning. The revue is brisk, slick, fairly original and sometimes brilliant, as in the burlesque of B.B.C. efforts in the early war-weeks of Autumn, 1939. Taking it by and large, this ranks high among the many musical shows of Spring, 1940.



CLOTHED IN BRIGHT
RAIMENT:
SONNIE HALE



P.C. PEGGY RAWLINGS



GEORGE CARNEY REMEMBERS



Photo.: Fred Daniels

EVELYN LAYE WARNS THE GIRLS AGAINST CHAMPAGNE—IN "LIGHTS UP"

The champagne song in C. B. Cochran's new show at the Savoy is one of the big hits in the whole production and gets the fullest value from the beautiful and talented lady who sings it. She may not seem to be exactly practising what she preaches, but it is sure well meant! *Lights Up* is booming, and is just what London has wanted all through the dreary winter black-out, and it is bound to carry on in these coming months, when things will not be so black, either out or in. Evelyn Laye scores all along the line, and is particularly delicious as Queen (rather inappropriately announced as Cora Pearl) of a night-club of bustles and crinolines, with a mock melancholy ballad of maiden innocence and shame, which owes more than a little to "She Was Poor But She Was Honest"

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

A GOOD jockey quite often wins on a bad horse: a bad jockey quite as often loses on a good one. Ludendorff was a good jockey, but he could not come without the horse. In 1918 he was on a beaten one that died on his hands. We do not know, but it is quite probable that the Huns have not got a jockey of Ludendorff's class, or a horse as good as the one he had before he was galloped to a standstill by a better horse ridden by a better jockey.

With the National past history, the Derby yet to come, no Ascot, and racing news not as plentiful as it is in ordinary times, perhaps a few details of a race meeting in one of the less civilised regions of Soviet Russia may prove of some slight and passing interest. It comes from a spot called Soviet Kazakhstan and is furnished by a gentleman named Dmitrievsky, writing in a recent number of *Asia*, a journal published in New York. Before the author witnessed the collective-farm race meeting, he had an adventure with a lady which, so he says, cost him a dislocated knee, a broken collar-bone and a thorough good tanning with the lady's whip. When he first came on the scene he saw a girl "on a snorting roan" being chased by a horde of mounted ruffians who, whenever they got close enough, tore bits of her clothes off. She was yelling like mad, says Dmitrievsky, and so, being a parfait gentil knight, he galloped to the rescue, firing a round from his revolver to try to check the



DECORATED FOR VALOUR

Captain J. H. Hudson, a French *poilu*, and Fusilier J. Worsley all decorated with the Croix de Guerre. The British unit was concerned in killing five and capturing one of a German patrol which was recently on the prowl



THE VICTORIOUS OLD PAULINES

The side which had a smashing win against the Bank of England (below)—53 points to 3—and have also beaten the Aldershot Command (5—0) and the Harlequins (22—6) The names in the picture are: (l. to r., standing) R. Klemin (Hon. Sec.), F. M. Wiseman, D. R. Vallance, H. S. C. Killick, O. C. Russell, J. Hamlyn, A. M. Messer, E. C. Morgan, G. W. Pepper, D. Wakeford; (sitting) P. Hodgson, L. H. Cohen, C. K. Haswell (vice-captain), R. A. P. Hogbin (captain), S. P. Scott, R. W. Baily, and R. H. Yeatman



THE BANK OF ENGLAND RUGGER XV.

In extenuation of their defeat (53 to 3) by the Old Paulines (above) it must be stated that the Bank had not their best side out (work and German measles being contributory causes). At full strength they are formidable

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., standing) D. F. Beardshaw, S. L. Butterfield, S. G. Morgan, W. J. Henry, C. W. Markham, H. L. Davis, J. B. Atkinson, R. H. Miller; (sitting) J. Hollom, A. G. Wood, R. J. Dale, Paymaster-Lieut. E. J. L. Poole, R.N., J. P. Gore, E. G. Baldwin, and J. F. Lonsdale

pursuit. Instead of being grateful, the lady turned on him and hit him such a real popper with her heavy-thonged whip that it not only knocked him off but also brought his horse down. The girl and all the rest of them were furious with him, for apparently they were only playing a game called "Wolf-Girl." The main rule is "Whoever wants to embrace me, let him catch me!" Then off she goes and lashes out at everyone who comes near her. Dmitrievsky ends off the story by telling us that it turned out that the lady was the local first-aid expert. "With deft, graceful movements she set the knee, put the broken collar-bone and shoulder in *splints* and plaster and bandaged me." In the picture the author supplies he is landing in a sitting position—furthermore, speaking personally, they have never put a splint on any of the collar-bones I have broken, because it simply cannot be done.

As to the Kazakhstan race meeting, the event for what the author calls "full-grown horses" was over a distance of 25 kilometres and there were, so he says, 500 starters. The course appears to have been dead straight, so that they must have had to trot or canter 25 kilometres to the post. The three-year-old race was only 10 kilometres and there were 112 starters. At the finish of the 25-kilometre race the jockeys had to be lifted out of their saddles as they were all too cooked even to keep up the squealing and yelling, which apparently is part of their job. The racehorses are decorated with owls'-feathers and the jockeys (all small boys of tender age) wear "short jackets with bright-coloured handkerchiefs bound round their waists and across their shoulders." The stewards are all armed with long and stout staves. It is not difficult to imagine what happens to any jockey, owner or trainer who may be on the mat.

Under a picture of some famous lady fencers in a recent issue of this paper it was stated erroneously that Miss Lyn Teesdale was the winner of the Women's Foils Championship, but that the win did not rank, on account of the war. The Amateur Fencing Association has, I understand, suspended its activities for the duration of the war, and therefore no Women's Foils Championship will be held. The present champion, Miss Carnegie Arbuthnott, naturally retains her title. What Miss Teesdale won was the Felix Cup, a private battle between the Salle Gravé and the Salle Bertrand.

(Continued on page 19)



THE STUDIO

By L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A.

From a picture exhibited at last year's Royal Academy



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

SERVICE UNITS — No. 27



A DEPOT, ROYAL MARINES—BY "MEL"

Called by many "The Jollies" and by Rudyard Kipling "Giddy Harumfrodites," soldier and sailor, too, but by whatever name men call them, his Majesty's Royal Marines stand for something which has always done its duty and is ever ready to do it again. The simile of the empty bottle is a wonderfully apt one when you think it out. Afloat or ashore, it's all the same, and the motto, "Per Mare Per Terram," just about summarises everything. They are no fonder of advertisement than their blood-brothers of the Royal Navy, and they are no more in need of it

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED

By MICHAEL ARLEN



"WHY, HAROLD, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL!"

length, and had been pretty impressed. Now he could see reflected only his head and shoulders. Not bad. He somehow felt taller. Still, he would have liked to have been quite certain that he didn't look a bit of an ass.

The door opened, letting in a flurry of pink and white and gold. From this flurry emerged a pretty technicolour face.

"Harold, I'm so sorry I've kept you waiting. Oh . . ."

Upstairs, her mother had warned: *Now mind you lose no time in admiring his uniform. I saw from the window he's wearing his fireman's gala. Be impressed. He may possibly be in love with you, but it's quite certain that he's in love with himself. Remember he's a small round humourless man and small round humourless men long to look impressive. Look impressed.*

"Why, Harold, you look wonderful! I mean! And it's frightfully well cut, isn't it! Turn round, darling. I mean, anyone would think you had been an officer all your life—really and truly. I only wish my poor frock was. . . ."

Be just a tiny bit pathetic. But no more. He knows you haven't a penny, so no need to rub it in.

His anxious bulging eyes, always fishily suspicious of compliments in case they might cost him something, fussily nibbled at her enthusiasm.

"You sure I look all right, Daisy? I sort of felt a bit of an ass when I first put it on."

Lose no opportunity of having a dig at his family. But only very small digs at first. Show him to himself as he longs to see himself, the poor fish.

"Really, Harold, dear, I never heard such nonsense! I mean, you can't really have felt that unless someone thoughtlessly put it into your head."

"Well, my sister did sort of give a sort of giggle when . . ."

"Darling, is that all! You're so sweetly innocent about some things, Harold, in spite of that clever brain of yours. Don't you know yet that some sisters always want to take their brothers down a peg or two? But it doesn't mean anything, often."

"You don't know my sister. She's got a tongue like a . . ."

Don't let him brood long about his family, in case their disapproval of you as a gold-digger begins to frighten him. Remember you're a sweet young thing who thinks no harm of anybody. Remember that he wants to see himself both as a dashing soldier and the head of a great business, though everybody knows that he'd be blacking boots if his father hadn't left it to him. Flatter him by letting him see that you think of him as he wants you to. Do this indirectly, through other people.

"Oh, Harold dear, before I forget I must tell you that at lunch at the Beechams' the other day Chubby Chester said . . ."

"I can't stand that fellow, somehow."

Choose some man he admires and envies enormously but who has always cold-shouldered him and made him feel a bore and an inferior. Then lay it on thick, for neither can ever find out.

THE officer sat down very carefully, and looked anxiously at his unfamiliar legs. This was the first time he had ever worn blues. He was very uncomfortable, particularly around his calves. Rising carefully, he looked at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. At home he had already done this countless times full-

"Well, I can't understand why, Harold, because he was saying the *niciest* things about you. Really and truly. I mean, they were talking about slackers hiding in reserved occupations, and Chubby said, I mean, how he admired a man like you for joining up, I mean, considering your responsibilities as a prominent banker and so on . . ."

"You know, Daisy, in a way he's quite. . . . Oh well, I suppose Chubby's all right, really, but sometimes his manner seems . . ."

"The trouble with you, Harold, is that you're too—well, I mean you don't value yourself enough. But I suppose that's often the way with people who have always got a lot on their minds. I mean, they don't have time to get even a wee little bit conceited. . . ."

Almost every man who is physically unattractive but clever with money or clever at anything longs to be thought of as being "magnetic" to women first and brainy second. I once had dinner next to a great scientist who, I could see, wanted to be liked for his sex-appeal. So I said he had extraordinarily penetrating eyes, and all evening long he followed me about like a hungry puppy.

"Now don't tell me, Harold, that you've no cause to be conceited, because really and truly I know better. I mean, just because some people always try to belittle . . ."

"As a matter of fact, Daisy, I've been thinking things over and I've decided to take a firmer line all round. . . ."

Remember, third-rate actresses have made their names merely by fluttering the palm of the left hand to the right breast. Denoting fear of what the big strong man might do. But use this rarely.

"Darling, not with me, I do hope!"

"Of course not, Daisy. You're sweet and understanding. I meant my mother and sister. You see, an only son and brother lets them get the idea they can do what they like with a fellow, but . . ."

"Now, Harold darling, I'm sure they mean everything for the best, and, I mean, it comes natural for some mothers and sisters to be extra possessive. . . ."

"Daisy, you're too ready to think the best of everybody—but it's a jolly fine quality, all the same. Anyway, say what you like, some people I know are in for a surprise shortly. Now, darling, where shall we dine?"

Be careful. His new uniform is longing to strut in smart places, but also he's longing to tell you the story of his life.

"There's always the Savoy, darling, which is always fun . . . but, I mean . . ."

"What, Daisy?"

"Well, it may sound silly, but—I mean, as this is our first ever dinner all alone—I mean, Harold dear, it's all right to go to a smart crowded place with someone who can't talk, but with you . . ."

"That's an idea—dine quietly first at a small place I know and then supper and dance later."

"Oh, lovely!"

"You know, Daisy, for a jolly pretty girl you've got an amazing lot of common-sense. I'll bet you'd make a good business-woman. Whereas most pretty girls . . ."

"Now stop teasing me, Harold—considering, I mean, what's said of you with the prettiest girls in London!"

Make the poor fish think you think he's Don Juan. But remember, no funny business later in the taxi home. Not because you're not that sort. That just gives them a pain. But because you simply daren't let yourself go with him for fear that, with him, you simply wouldn't be able to stop at anything. In fact, act frightened nineteen with the voluptuous wisdom of a woman of thirty, and he'll darn near cry, if not actually, for having even thought of such a thing with you.

"So you've been hearing stories about me, have you?"

"Darling, doesn't one about anybody who's at all well known? But in your case I'll bet they're not just stories either—I mean, not with you, Harold dear!"

"Just silly gossip!" he said smugly, mously enchanted. "Come on, darling. All ready? That's another nice thing about you—no last-minute prinking."

Mother upstairs, watching them go closely arm-in-arm to the waiting taxi, wrote: *Dear Sir, with reference to your letter of the 3rd, I must ask you to accept my fullest assurances that my overdraft of £178-8-0 will be fully covered within a month. . . .*



LADY MARY DUNN

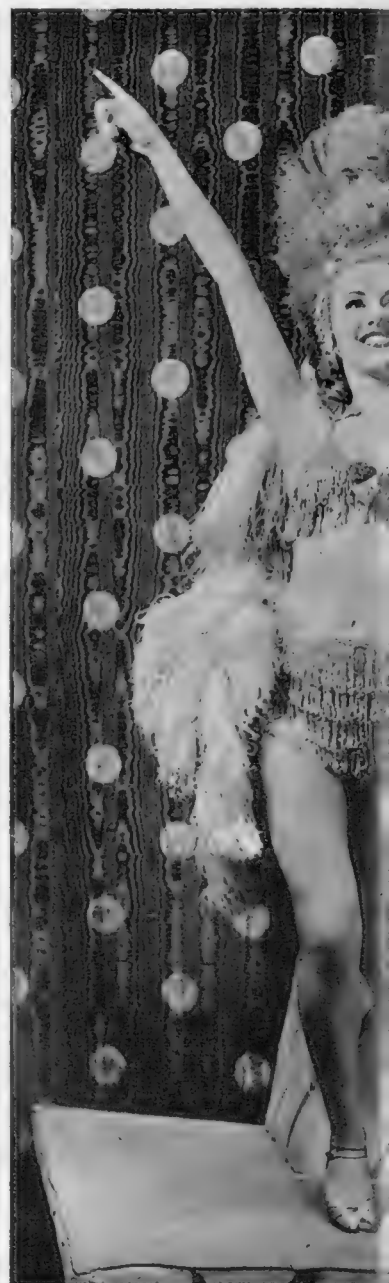
Antony Beauchamp

A new portrait of the charming wife of Sir James Dunn's son and heir. Lady Mary, who is the daughter of the fifth Lord Rosslyn, and was formerly Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, is doing most useful war work on the home front by keeping a Buckinghamshire farm running single-handed as well as looking after her two children. Mr. Philip Dunn, whom she married in 1933, is at present serving somewhere in France



THE KING AND THE LADY: ETHEL MERMAN AND BERT LAHR

"DUBARRY WAS A
HI-DE-HO COME



BETTY GRABLE SWINGS IT IN ONE
(BELOW) EIGHTEENTH-CENTUR
AND CHARLES WALTERS IN T



COQUETRY FROM THE DUBARRY

Ethel Merman, top-flight States musical star, used to sing that very popular song "Eadie Was a Lady" in *Take a Chance*. Now she has gone up into history and plays a Dubarry who, strangely enough, was also a lady as far as Louis XV., in the person of Bert Lahr, was concerned, in Cole Porter's new show, which has been one of the hits of the New York theatrical season. *Dubarry Was a Lady* tells the hilarious story of an Irish sweepstake winner who, lucky at lotteries, is yet unlucky in love, even when he dreams (must have been something - he drank) that he is Louis XV. and the young lady of his heart is the Dubarry, about whose relations with Louis Messrs. Fields and de Sylva, authors of the play, take leave to disagree with established authority. For all this coquetry, though, eighteenth-century Versailles proves a gay enough place, especially as it is populated by the customers and cabaret of the Club Petit of New York City, in costumes



LADY": VERSAILLES TO NEW YORK



HER MODERN DANCE NUMBERS
DANCING BY BETTY GRABLE
E GARDENS OF THE TRIANON



whose appropriateness is in inverse ratio only to their scantiness and, above all, by lovely Betty Grable, dancing star of movies and vaudeville, with whom Louis on occasion takes time off from his unrequited love (see above, right). The biggest things in a whirlwind show are, of course, Cole Porter's well-up-to-standard tunes, from his anticipation of Debussy in the performance of *L'Après Midi d'un Bœuf* at the Petit Trianon, to his very hotcha "Katie Went to Haiti," which Miss Merman sings in her modern manifestation as Vi Hennessey of N.Y.C. Both Bert Laahr, who was recently seen over here in that strange movie, *The Wizard of Oz*, and Ethel Merman, whose third Cole Porter show this is, are musical-comedy veterans in the very highest standing over the Pond and make a grand most of the gay material they are given



A LITTLE DIVERSION FOR LOUIS XV.: BERT LAHR AND BETTY GRABLE



BERT LAHR AND ETHEL MERMAN IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UNDRESS

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—It is amazing how quickly we adapt ourselves to circumstances in Paris. This eighth month of war finds us so well accustomed to the regulations and restrictions now in force that we have almost forgotten the advantages or even the conditions of Peacetime. We have learned to walk, and even drive, quite easily in the semi-darkness of the "blue-out," the *cafés* and restaurants carry on with the innumerable tempting dishes that, on meatless days, French cooks seem to be able to make out of nothing, just as a conjurer produces an omelet from a top-hat. Various necessities, from salad-oil to anthracite, may be slightly difficult to obtain, but somehow or other, at the last moment, when one's small supply is at its lowest, one always finds that there is a little shop, somewhere round the corner, willing to oblige at the usual, normal price.

The theatres and music-halls are in full swing, omnibuses and trains enable those of us who no longer have cars to get out into the country quite easily and, of course, the cinemas are ever more numerous and always full. A new house, *Le Français*, opened on the *grands boulevards* this week, showing Edwige Feuillère in a new Max Ophüls film, *Sans Lendemain* (that you are sure to see in London), and business, I am told, "is great"! Jacques Porel is taking over the Théâtre de Paris and renaming it, after his famous mother, Théâtre Réjane. Louis Jouvet is reopening with *Ondine*, and already three war productions have celebrated their hundredth performance.

We know, obviously, that we are living perilously and that, although we have absolute confidence in what the future will ultimately bring, there are difficult days before us. But Paris takes everything as it comes, with infinite philosophy and almost unfailing gaiety, while the dry, rather witty fault-finding and grumbling—that is so inherent to *le caractère français*—is all part of the game of keeping up one's spirits. Political changes may bring such an unloved personage as M. Monnet into the Cabinet, but we still have MM. Daladier and de Monzie. . . . M. Reynaud may be a little too friendly, for our taste, with the socialistic M. Léon Blum, whose methods, while he was in power, caused so much chatter; but so long as the new Premier sticks to his declaration that "all we have thought and said [anent foreign politics] in the past no longer counts," we feel more comfortable. The chap who has the courage to admit his mistakes is a reg'lar fella! M. Reynaud is a little man of great energy who knows his job, has plenty of viscera, and we like to imagine that his daily physical jerks, that we have heard so much about, may have the same value as "the playing-fields of Eton"!

Does all this stuff about living-as-usual seem heartless? Remember that I write objectively and, as it happens, I can look up at this moment and enjoy a view along the Champs Élysées, where a Sunday afternoon crowd is peacefully strolling. The pavement tables of the *cafés* are full, queues are waiting outside the cinemas and people are loitering, three deep, in front of the shop-windows where off-the-peg frocks are displayed. If there seem to be so few uniforms in the slowly-moving throng, it is because "this" war permits the French *poilu* to wear civilian clothes while he is on leave if he wants to. If you want to see *les militaires* in full war-kit you had better visit the railway termini; there you will have no illusions about all that is happening just around the various corners of the various Somewheres in France. But elsewhere in Paris one can almost forget the war. This, I think, is as it should be. Give the man

who is home for a breather the chance to live as normally as possible. As I look along the Champs Élysées I am glad to see he has that chance.

For soldiers of the B.E.F. the Leave Club—8 bis, Place de la République—carries on the old 1914-18 traditions: comfortable rooms (bath included) at inexpensive rates; English breakfasts, teas, suppers and dinners—I name them in my personal order of preference—books and magazines, highbrow and lowbrow, pictorial and plain!; games and dances; sing-songs and other entertainments. Frances Day has "obliged" and, of course, "Gracie" will when she is next in Paris. Peggy Vere is a pillar—or was before the Mayol revue,



Star Presse

MICHÈLE ALFA—A SOULFUL LITTLE SIREN

But is (on the stage), so it seems, a really bad little girl, for she plays the lead in *Nous Ne Sommes Pas Mariés* to Pierre Blanchard's equally reprehensible hero. Michèle Alfa comes to the stage from the screen and is one of Henri Bernstein's happy discoveries

in which she stars, opened again—of the Saturday evening dances, and Lady Guggisberg (Decima Moore), C.B.E., is the little mother to the whole Leave Club world.

The B.E.F. officers' club at the Hotel Scribe is another home-from-home for lone, lorn officers . . . but is a British officer ever a lone, lorn critter in Paris unless he wants to be? Make a round of the cabarets and other *bôîtes de nuit* for the answer! It may take you some time, for there are actually about two dozen cabarets that, nightly, are doing good business. I suggest that your first choice be Lucienne Boyer's "Chez elle" in the rue Volney; from there you have my permission to go on to Agnes Capri's place in the rue Molière. After that may the gods be wi' you . . . more than this I cannot wish you, except, perhaps, "happy take-off"!

PRISCILLA.

SUNSHINE AND SPOTLIGHTS



STEFFI DUNA, DANCING STAR IN "DOWN WENT MCGINTY"

JEAN ROGERS AND (BELOW, RIGHT) LANA TURNER
BASK IN CALIFORNIAN SUNSHINE

South Carolina may be a sultry clime, but South California has it beat not only with its perfect, all-the-year-round sunshine, but with the extremely elegant young ladies who appear to be observable basking in said sunshine "all over," as they say. Not that the two lovelies who were busy basking for the benefit of this page can give all their time to the sun; Jean Rogers and Lana Turner, in fact, spend many days under less pleasant arc-lights providing sunshine for our come-in-out-of-the-wet cinemas. Jean has an important part in *Dance With the Devil*, while Lana is in *Twenty Little Working Girls*. Steffi Duna was probably not sorry to be photographed "on the lot" rather than basking in the sun, for she somehow got lost for almost a year before Harlan Thompson rediscovered her and put her into *The Magnificent Fraud*. After that there was no question of her getting lost again, and she is now making *Down Went McGinty*





MR. J. H. GIBSON (CAMBRIDGE FULL-BACK) AND MISS GABY WELFORD

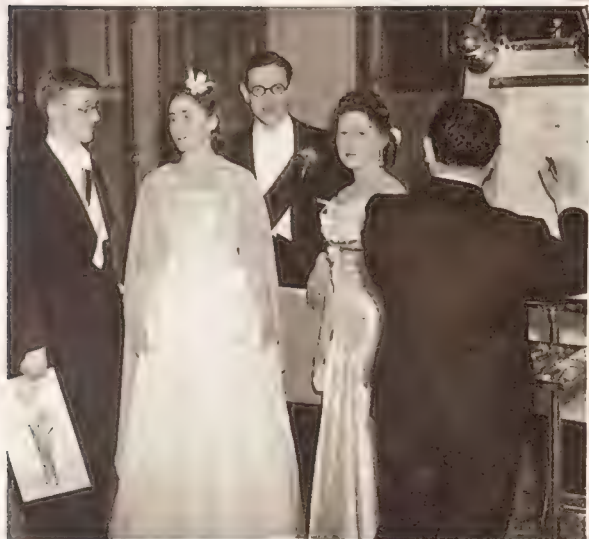
THE UNITED 'VARSITIES "MEDICAL" BALL



MR. P. C. HOCH (PRESIDENT, OXFORD MEDICAL SOCIETY) AND MISS BILLIE WALTON (O.U. WOMEN'S SWIMMING CAPTAIN)



MISS PAMELA WINNICK AND MR. HUDSON BENNETT (CAMBRIDGE RUNNING BLUE)



CARICATURE TIME: MR. J. H. CULE (SEC., CAMBRIDGE "MEDSOC"), MISS MONICA MOON, MR. E. M. BATES (OXFORD SECRETARY), AND MISS MARGARET WILSON



MISS JEAN BELL AND MR. MURRAY STATHIE



MR. GEOFFREY ATTALI, MISS THELMA GREEN, MISS GILLIAN WHEELER-BENNETT, MR. J. WHEELER-BENNETT AND MISS VERA AND MR. RICHARD SCHEIBLER

Usually Oxford and Cambridge each hold their separate balls in aid of their Medical Societies, but war makes all sorts of people alter their ways, and it was decided this year to make one job of it and hold a joint festivity at the May Fair Hotel. The proceeds go, so far as Oxford is concerned, to benefit the Radcliffe Infirmary, and Cambridge to Addenbrooke's Hospital. Upon information and belief it can be stated that the results were satisfactory on the financial side in each case, and as to any other side the testimony is overwhelmingly in corroboration by the various pleasant young witnesses collected in this page. Beauty and Brawn were thoroughly well represented, and it is left to the uninterested critic to say which won. As to the brawn side of things, Rugger and Running are the manly sports principally represented in this page—a few outstanding facts in support being Mr. J. H. Gibson, the Light Blue full-back, Lieut. Jack Gatford, Cambridge and Rosslyn Park scrum-half, and also, as will be apparent, a great judge of beauty, Mr. Murray Stathie, the Oxford fly-half, Mr. Hudson Bennett, a Ladas from Cambridge, and there were many more whom the camera did not catch. Miss Billie Walton, who is with the Oxford "Medsoc" President, is the charming young captain of the O.U. Women's Swimming Club, and neither she nor her partner seems to have been appalled by the camera sniper!



MISS HELEN FRANKLIN



MISS ANN KINSMAN AND LIEUT. JACK GATFORD

Every day's
Daks day!

There are Agents for
women's Daks throughout
Great Britain, or you can
get them at Simpson
202 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.



For country life — for tilling the garden — for the day's work at home — there isn't a trimmer, neater or more comfortable kit than Daks! The most perfectly cut trousers for women. Designed for comfort-in-action with long clean lines and nice flat backs

and fronts and the trimmest and slimmest of waists.

What a wealth of attractive fabrics they're made in. Sheer flannels in heaps of shades, chalk stripes, shepherd's plaids, Glenurquhart checks; corduroys, 'flocks' and crisp linens.



LOCAL COLOUR

By HAILSTONE

MAKING READY FOR THE RED CROSS SALE AT CHRISTIE'S ON JUNE 10



SIR JOHN COURTAULD (CHAIRMAN) AND CONSTANCE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (Left)
WITH THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE (CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE)



SIR ERIC MACLAGAN, IN CHARGE OF THE
FURNITURE, SILVER, AND WORKS OF ART
SECTION



LADY KENNEDY INSPECTING
A MANDARIN COAT



SIR ALEC MARTIN (CHRISTIE'S PICTURE EXPERT), SIR GORDON CAMPBELL,
MISS M. WALKER (RED CROSS COMMANDANT), AND LORD FAIRHAVEN, WITH AN
OLD PICTURE OF ETON
(ON RIGHT)
MR. EDWARD KNOBLOCK
AND THE HON. WINIFRED
DOUGLAS-PENNANT

At this committee meeting, which was held at Gloucester House, 149, Park Lane, were displayed some of the many gifts which have been received for the coming sale at Christie's for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund. It promises to be one of most remarkable interest and outstanding value and it would demand great space to catalogue even a small section of the contributions. The picture of Eton is the oldest one extant and has been given by Lord Fairhaven. The Marchioness of Cambridge is giving a beautiful diamond brooch, Lord Tredegar a rare Chinese screen of the Chien Lung period, and these are merely mentioned as some index of what will be in the sale-list



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A FIRE broke out the other week in a rickyard "somewhere in England," and soon several ricks were well alight. The local brigade were doing their utmost to get the blaze under control, when the local A.R.P. warden arrived on the scene.

He took one look at the fire and then, turning to the toiling firemen, exclaimed severely: "Look here, you fellows. You will have to get this out before it gets dark, you know!"

The new jockey mounted the 200-to-1 shot in the paddock just before the race. Once in the saddle he looked around for his whip. He turned to the trainer.

"Do you mind getting my whip?" he requested. "It's over there in the corner."

The trainer didn't budge. "'Whip'?" he echoed.

The jockey frowned impatiently. "Stop acting dumb," he growled. "I said 'whip.'"

The trainer shook his head. "What good is a whip?" he cried sadly. "The last jockey threatened this horse with a gun, and even that didn't do any good!"

At a church parade, the officer was making the inspection. Among the men was a recruit who, instead of wearing the usual cap, was conspicuous by wearing a tin hat.

The officer approached him and asked him what he meant by attending church parade in a tin helmet.

"Well," remarked the recruit, "I haven't missed wearing my bowler on a Sunday for fifteen years."

An American optician was instructing his son in the technique of getting a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, "Son, after you have fitted the glasses to a customer, and he asks, 'What's the charge?' you should say 'Ten dollars.' Then pause and watch for the flinch. If the customer does *not* flinch, you say: 'That's for the frames. The lenses will be another ten dollars.' Then you pause again—and again you watch for the flinch. If he doesn't flinch, you say 'Each'!"

"I be ninety-seven years of age, sir," boasted the oldest inhabitant, "and I haven't got an enemy in the world."

"That is a most beautiful thought, William," replied the vicar.

"Ay, so it be, sir," said William. "I've outlived 'em all!"

He was extremely rich, and never tired of telling people so. One day he rushed up to the booking-office at the railway station, and threw a five-pound note on the counter.

"Give me a ticket," he demanded.

"Where to?" asked the booking-clerk.

"Anywhere," replied the rich man; "anywhere. I've got business all over the place."

An elderly maiden lady lived in a small house in the country with one maid. One morning, just before the outbreak of the war, the bell rang. The maid admitted the visitor, who was a billeting officer for children to be evacuated. The officer spoke a few words to the maid, who rushed upstairs.

"Oh, madam," she cried breathlessly, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs!"



"I'll say 'e's a good M.O. Why, before 'e give me them pills I couldn't sleep at all—now I can sleep anywhere."

"Some people are funny," mused the man in the bar. "I know a man who hadn't kissed his wife for ten years. Then he goes and shoots a fellow who did."

The recruits were lined up outside the quarter bloke's store waiting for their issue of uniforms. A well-dressed young fellow received attention first.

He seemed very fastidious, trying on several of everything. Meanwhile, the others began muttering impatiently. At last the hard-to-please recruit appeared quite satisfied.

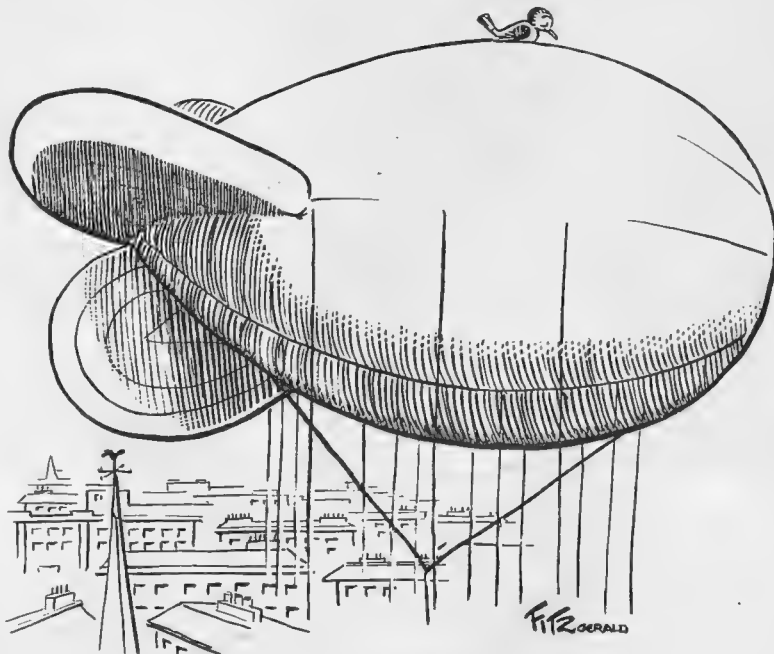
"Are you sure everything's all right now?" inquired the Q.M.S. sarcastically.

"No fear," drawled a voice from the queue. "He ain't tried on his water-bottle yet!"

She was elderly and not slim either, but very patriotic. She therefore considered it her duty to worry the young men she saw walking about.

"Young man," she said to one, "why aren't you in the Army?"

"Same reason you're not one of Cochran's Young Ladies," he replied. "Physically unfit."



THE OPTIMIST



Primula

Spring alights on your lips: and you call it *Primula*! It's the epitome of youth and spring-time freshness—designed to harmonize with all the latest colour schemes—soft smoky pinks and blues, pale elusive yellows . . . The *Primula* colour-symphony is worked out down to the very smallest details—lipstick and rouge and lustrous nail-varnish. You *must* have the whole set of *Primula* preparations! Lipstick, 6/6 Nail-varnish, 4/6 Colour Harmony Box containing Lipstick, Rouge and Nail-varnish, 16/6

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1



Stuart

OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. STATION

This group of officers form the permanent staff of an R.A.F. station in the South Midlands, one of many throughout the country where our aerial navy gets ready for any grappling that may require looking after in the central blue; and with very little doubt about who will come out on top of the grapple, past performance being a pretty good pointer

In the group are: (l. to r., back row) F/O. H. V. Smith, P/O. P. F. MacLaren, F/O. L. H. Folkard, P/O. D. W. Clark, F/O.s G. F. Ward, A. P. Philipsen, P/O.s W. A. Foster, P. R. Grey; (middle row) F/O.s J. L. Trainer, J. Laurie, J. S. J. Craigen, P/O. S. A. P. Fischer, F/O.s J. W. E. Leighton, J. E. T. Murphy, J. G. W. Swain, H. G. Eggart, P/O. J. E. Birkbeck, F/O. C. D. Connerton, P/O.s K. Vane, H. G. L. Lawson, E. F. Clear, H. E. Broadsmith, J. C. Martin, I. S. Henderson, P. K. Mackenzie; (seated) Flt.-Lieuts. H. A. C. Atkinson (Adj.), B. O. Huxtable, J. B. Methven, R. K. Jeffries (Station Adj.), A. D. Groom, Sq.-Leaders R. Edwards, W. S. P. Simonds, Wing-Com. L. G. Nixon, Group Captain C. W. Mackey, Wing-Com. W. L. Payne, Sq.-Leader R. H. Young, Flt.-Lieuts. L. V. James, J. A. F. Mertens, B. J. Rogers, P. Corbisley, M. R. Atkinson, H. J. Gilbert

Cloudery.

ONE of the strongest claims that have been put forward for the introduction of gliding into the training programme of every Royal Air Force pilot is, to my mind, that concerned with the knowledge of cloud formations and meteorology in general. It was discussed a lot at the recent Dunstable party. If there has been one thing this war has demonstrated, it is that the modern military pilot uses clouds as cover far more often than his predecessor of the war of 1914-18. The Germans have been dodging in and out of clouds on many of their raids on shipping, and it has been their use of clouds that has made the job of the interceptor fighters so difficult. Our own pilots, during their recent operations near Heligoland, when they have been ordered to attack German patrol ships, have also been using cloud cover.

Now the gliding experts say—and it sounds a reasonable contention—that a pilot who has learnt to soar must know more about where clouds are likely to form, what they are likely to be like inside, how high they are likely to go and so on, than the pilot whose entire training and experience have been confined to power-driven aeroplanes. A soaring pilot is a success or a failure according to how much he knows of the ways of clouds. Consequently, if Royal Air Force pilots went through a course of soaring flight before going on to power-driven machines, they would have a sound background of cloud knowledge which might stand them in good stead when in action.

Friendliness with clouds seems to be one of the ways of getting on in the air war to-day; so soaring has good support for its value in ministering to it. But that is not its only claim to be considered as a means of helping in the training of Royal Air Force pilots. Another claim is that it enables flying aptitude to be tested quickly and inexpensively right at the beginning of each person's Service career.

Cans and Can'ts.

ALL kinds of weird methods have been devised for testing the aptitude of those who wish to become pilots in

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

after spinning. My own objection to that kind of test was that it failed to take habituation into account. There was a time when I could spin an aeroplane for unlimited thousands of feet without getting giddy or even uncomfortable. But when I was flying during the peace as a club

member, with only a few hours a month going on to my log-book (some months without any hours at all), I found spinning became distinctly giddifying. Some might say it was the approach of old age, but I do not believe it. Gliding is a more positive way of testing flying aptitude, for it takes the effects of habituation into account.

New Aeroplanes.

I think it safe to say that we are now approaching a critical stage in the air war, so far as the equipment of the air forces on both sides is concerned. The aircraft with which both sides went into action must still be used in large numbers for some time to come; but increasing numbers of new types of machine will now begin to appear. We know already something of what the Germans intend to put in the field. They propose to introduce their Messerschmitt 110 twin-engined fighters in increasing numbers, and also to use their Junkers Ju 88 bombers. These were believed to have been used in the Scapa Flow raid just before Easter, but the photograph of one of the machines brought down in Denmark looks to me more like a Heinkel. The picture I saw had only a small piece of the tail visible, but it had the appearance of a Heinkel tail. However, it is to be supposed that the machine has been examined and if the Air Ministry now believes it to be a Ju. 88, they must obviously be right. The Ju. 88 is a fairly fast bomber, having a top speed of something in the region of 500 kilometres an hour and carrying a respectable bomb load,



AN AIR VICE-MARSHAL INSPECTS THE W.A.A.F.

Miss J. Trefusis Forbes, Director of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, accompanied Air Vice-Marshal T. L. Leigh-Mallory, D.S.O., when he inspected the W.A.A.F. at a Fighter Command station recently. The fine work which the women's organisation is doing behind the scenes of the gallant exploits of the R.A.F. is being increasingly recognised by the general public



“Ovaltine” *really does me good* says **EVELYN LAYE**

MISS EVELYN LAYE writes: “For a number of years ‘Ovaltine’ has been my ‘night-cap.’ I find it a wonderful solace after the strain of stage work and that it really does me good. Apart from this, I think ‘Ovaltine’ one of the most delicious beverages; in fact, in all ways it is excellent.”

Wide experience has proved that ‘Ovaltine’ is of outstanding value as an aid to sound, restorative sleep. A cupful at bedtime quickly brings deep, refreshing sleep. And while you sleep, it supplies health-giving, nerve-restoring nourishment to every cell and tissue of body, brain and nerves. Make ‘Ovaltine’ your bedtime beverage tonight—and every night—and note the difference!

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

TEARS IN HER EYES

By
VERA WATSON

IN the opinion of George Fenwick, there was no such thing as the perfect crime. It was indisputable, of course, that some criminals were never brought to justice; nevertheless, there was usually some clue—consciously or unconsciously enacted—which betrayed their identity. That they escaped the consequences of their crimes was due to lack of proof—according to the strict principles of British justice—rather than to lack of identification.

And George, lounging in a deck-chair on the terrace of Mrs. Grayson's country house, with his panama hat tilted over his face, meditated on the foibles and peculiarities of the human race. During the course of his fifty years he had learned never to be astonished, and that the element of surprise in human nature is inexhaustible.

Take, for instance, this burglary. Who would ever have suspected that one of his fellow-guests at this house-party would be a thief? The company which had assembled under Mrs. Grayson's roof was similar to that which usually congregated for week-end sojourns at country houses. Yet somebody had undoubtedly entered the hostess's bedroom and stolen two hundred pounds in notes from the drawer in her dressing-table.

And, furthermore, the theft had been carried out so skilfully that there were no material clues to assist the investigation. Also, the culprit must have been aware that, owing to the presence of an important diplomatic personage, Prince Sigismund von Hohlen, it was extremely unlikely that the matter would be handed over to the police.

George Fenwick yawned and tilted his hat a little further over his face. It was abominably hot in the afternoon sun, but he felt too lazy and lethargic to move his chair into the shade of the trees. He marvelled at the energy of Mrs. Grayson, a tall, well-preserved woman of fifty, who was throwing sticks for the spaniel puppy.

At the sight of his hostess, his thoughts reverted to the evening before, when, in hushed tones, she had told him about the burglary. She had been the last to retire to bed, but scarcely had she entered her room when the loss of the notes had been discovered. She admitted then that her presence of mind entirely deserted her. She rushed out into the corridor and shouted "Thieves! thieves!" in such stentorian tones that all the guests accommodated on that floor hurriedly came out of their rooms.

George himself had not been a witness of this interesting scene—his bedroom being in another wing—but he could well imagine the ensuing chaos. Mrs. Grayson, however, had kept her head in one respect; remembering that, during the war, he had been attached to the Intelligence Service, she sent to enlist his help.

When he arrived, a moment or two later, he found a number of disgruntled guests gathered in the corridor. The first two he encountered were Major Gerald Locker, tall and grey-haired, and Mrs. Grayson's beautiful niece, Lady Caroline Ashton. The major was still smoking one of his hostess's excellent cigars, while Lady Caroline, who was wearing a black lace evening dress which made an admirable contrast to her blonde hair and white skin, was holding up her hand as though to shade herself from the glare of the light. George could not help noticing that her blue eyes were slightly bloodshot, and she appeared to have been crying.

Inside the bedroom all was confusion. Young Nicholas Browning had opened the French window, and was peering out on to the balcony, in a vain endeavour to trace the intruder. Angela Sands, a friend of Lady Caroline's, was

standing before the fire, explaining to a small, but interested, audience exactly how she had been robbed of all her jewels in the South of France. The least perturbed of all the occupants of the room was Mrs. Grayson's Siamese cat, Othello, which was lying asleep in the middle of the four-poster bed.

It transpired, during the course of George's investigations, that the thief must have actually been present in the room for some time prior to the robbery. At eleven-thirty, Mrs. Grayson's trusted maid, Ellen, had come upstairs. Seeing that one of the curtains round the bed needed repairing, she immediately undertook the task. She was prepared to swear that the money was then in its place in the dressing-table drawer. At a quarter-past eleven she went into the bathroom—which led out of the bedroom—and turned on the hot tap to ascertain that the water was warm enough for her mistress's bath. During this time she heard a door being closed, and, thinking that her employer had retired to bed, she returned to the bedroom.

It was empty. She noticed, however, that the heavy curtains over the French windows had become slightly parted. Emerging from the aperture, stretching and yawning, was Othello, the Siamese cat. At the time, this episode made no impression on her mind. Othello was in the habit of snoozing behind the curtains, and she merely imagined that it was he who had pushed them aside. She then sat down to await the arrival of her mistress.

George, however, put a very different construction on the affair. He surmised that the thief—interrupted by Ellen's untimely arrival—had taken refuge behind the curtain in company with Othello. Realising, after a time, that it was unlikely that Ellen would leave the room before Mrs. Grayson retired to bed, the intruder took the first opportunity—when the maid's attention was occupied in the bathroom—to slip

out from behind the curtains, snatch the notes, and leave the bedroom. That the door had only closed once suggested that someone had left the room, rather than entered it.

The next stage in the enquiry was to discover which of the guests had no alibi from eleven o'clock until midnight. This, however, was no easy matter. There were thirty people staying in the house, and on the night of the robbery, at least twenty of them had attended a private film show which Mrs. Grayson had provided in the billiards-room. Nothing would have been easier than for the thief to steal away unobserved in the darkness.

George's meditations were suddenly interrupted by the crunching of footsteps on the gravel path. He looked up, and saw the well-corseted figure of his hostess bearing down in his direction. Galvanised into action, he rose and retired to the summer-house. It was certainly much cooler out of the sun, and he hoped to escape from Mrs. Grayson's barrage of questions in connection with the robbery. She would explain, as she had done many times before, that the loss of the money meant nothing to her, but that it was imperative to solve the mystery in order that her guests—with the exception of the culprit—should be cleared of suspicion.

He relaxed comfortably into a *chaise-longue*, and fixed a pillow behind his head. From his new position, he could now watch the prodigious feats of athletic valour which were being performed on the tennis court by Lady Caroline, Mrs. Sands, Major Locker, and Nick Browning. Involuntarily, he raised his hands and clapped; Browning had just placed a fine backhand volley past Lord Locker, which landed an inch inside the base line.

(Continued on page 76)



ACADEMY SENDING-IN DAY

Lord Methuen, son of the famous Field-Marshal who died in 1932, was one of the many artists who went along to Burlington House to deposit their work on the first sending-in day for the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition, which will be held as usual, Hitler notwithstanding. Lord Methuen, who is a Trustee of the National Gallery, saw active service with the Scots Guards in France during the last war

Pinnies from Simpson

A gay change from slacks!
Heavenly tailored pinnies of fine
grey or navy worsted with swagger
pleats in their skirts. Crisp striped
shantung blouses in the loveliest
colours to wear beneath them.
Youthful, fresh, free-and-easy.
Pinny 4½ gns. Hip fittings 35, 37,
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Simpson
PICCADILLY

Women's Shop
Fourth Floor

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES



MR. RICHARD DIMBLEBY AND B.B.C. RECORDING UNIT IN FRANCE

The car in the picture is a Wolseley 25-h.p. saloon and is one of that excellent build and make which Mr. Richard Dimpleby and his assistants use when recording their vivid word-pictures on the Western Front

Snobobservations on Etiquette.

THE Highway Code attempted to teach people some sort of road manners, and now it appears that lectures on deportment are included as part of some branches of the new Army's training. At any rate, young males and females of my acquaintance have been ticking off their parents for slackness in this respect. In vain do the not-so-old folks protest that in their day at Eton and Oxford such formulæ meant nothing. The young won't have it, and even grandpas must conform to this new teaching. So in case you, dear motorist, need polishing up in this respect, let me enlighten you. You must never say "up to town," but "up to London." Never ring up, but telephone; invite your friends to a "glass of sherry," not "some sherry," and so on. If you aspire to a crack regiment, you must not travel by bus unless you can "carry it off." It is undignified to hurry, so adopt a saunter. Probably there's a whole lot more as to how to be a temporary gentleman, but I've forgotten it. But what fun it would be if someone started the same idea for motorists and drew up a code of correct terms and hints on the aristocratic way of driving. For instance, when warming up an engine, is it plebeian to blip the accelerator? How does one hoot with dignity? Should one wear a hat in a saloon, or don gloves to give a road signal? And finally, what is the recommended way for a girl in a tight skirt to emerge gracefully from a "Baby" Austin?

Two True Stories.

TWO motorists were stopped by a policeman, who questioned the driver. The latter did not

reply and the policeman spoke to him again. But still there was no answer. In the end the other man in the car told the policeman what he wanted to know and the car was then allowed to proceed. The passenger then asked the driver why he'd been so silent. "It's the best thing to do," said the driver. "If you don't open your mouth, the police can't say your breath smells of drink."

The other story concerns a fog and two men who were trying to drive their car home through it. After a time they found themselves exactly where they'd started, and then decided they'd better get out and reconnoitre by torch. Believe it or not, not only did they lose each other, but also the car!

Choosing a Small Car.

AMAZING how many people one meets who are contemplating the purchase of a new car. An eight, ten, or twelve, of course. Now these people give the problem a lot of time and consideration, weighing up the pros and cons of a dozen competitive makes. When they come and ask my advice, I always tell them the same thing. And that is that to-day it's practically impossible to pick a dud. All the reputable makes are dead reliable and represent the most wonderful value for money. But there is one point

that needs care, and it's an important one. And that is the question of local service. So before making your choice, visit and compare the premises of the competing agencies. See what sort of service facilities they offer. If their plants are modern, clean and orderly. You might also take a look at the stores and see if they hold adequate stocks. For in the next few years the servicing of a car may become a major problem.

Ford was the first big manufacturer to appreciate the value of service. He realised it was not enough to make an inexpensive car well. It had to be cheap to run as well as cheap to buy. So he made his agents instal expensive servicing plant, by means of which they could reduce the cost of various jobs, inaugurated a fixed scale of charges for these jobs, and finally invented the engine-replacement plan. Other manufacturers were not slow to follow, so that to-day service facilities are not to be compared with what they were even ten years ago. But however good a service scheme may be in theory, if it is not interpreted willingly and intelligently by the agent and his staff it will leave much to be desired. Hence my advice to those about to buy a new car to find out what sort of service lies behind it.

Building Your Own Garage.

MOVING house may mean having to find garage space for one or two cars. This recently befell a friend, who was quoted £180 for a two-car brick garage. I advised him to buy two one-car portable garages, of wood and asbestos sheets if he could get them, with galvanized iron sheets as an alternative. He and his groom could put them together, paint them themselves and keep the other £120.



THE MOTOR TRADE'S OWN COMFORTS FUND

Mrs. R. C. D. Jenkins, Mayoress of Kensington, Mr. W. E. Rootes, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and the Marchioness of Cambridge, Vice-President and member of the Executive Council of the R.A.S.C. Comforts Fund, viewing some of the gifts at the dépôt at Kensington Barracks. Mr. W. E. Rootes conducted the Marchioness of Cambridge round the dépôt and was able to report a most gratifying result to his recent appeal—over £3000 already



A FORD "ANGLIA" WELL IN THE PICTURE

An attractive picture in the very early spring sunshine of the new Ford "Anglia," which is well in the picture in a double sense. This wartime introduction by the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., combines the all-round economy of the typical British "Eight" with delightful looks and really spacious and luxurious bodywork. A special feature is a large luggage compartment

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engines in ever increasing quantities.

These engines are fitted to the
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The aircraft which recently carried out reconnaissance flights over VIENNA and PRAGUE were equipped with Rolls-Royce MERLIN engines.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M.E. BROOKE



EVERYTHING is on parade at Burberry's, in the Haymarket, for those on National Service; the cut is of exalted merit and every detail is correct. The needs of the sportswoman have likewise been considered and so have the requirements of the traveller. Then for those who are in town there are coats and skirts that are notable on account of their air of distinction and slimming lines. The model above is carried out in black Venetian cloth. The skirt is pleated back and front, the coat being lined with crêpe de Chine and enriched with black and white kid, which makes the decorative muff. As will be seen, the scheme is completed with a felt hat which is becoming

THE shadows cast by the trio of hats on the right suffice to flatter the face, but not to interfere with the vision. They may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge. Pedal straw makes the affair at the top with the "gutter" brim; it is trimmed with camellias, the upstanding black ribbon being faced with white. Coarse black straw has been used for the centre model; wings, berries and flowers add to its charm. The last, but by no means the least attractive, of the trio is trimmed with roses and petersham. Veils form an important feature of many of the hats, and of course there is an infinite variety of models for town and country wear; they will withstand rain and wind





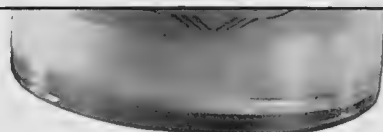
Soothing... Softening... Protective...

**"Milk
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Roses"**



The Perfect matt-finish Powder Base

AN EMOLLIENT *double-duty* LIQUID CREAM FOR *Dry Skins*



Easily aggravated by winds and quickly changing temperatures, a "dry" skin tends too readily to roughness and redness—a condition which, if neglected, can spoil for all time a delicate, lovely complexion. To remedy, and, for evermore, offset this hereditary weakness of English beauty, Cyclax recommend their "MILK OF ROSES"—a lovely, soothing cream which in addition to softening the skin and protecting it, provides the perfect powder-base for the elegant matt-finish. 4/6.

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Just two preparations

FOR THE CARE OF YOUR SKIN ★

SPECIAL LOTION 5/6

to remove discolouration of the skin caused by atmosphere and acidity.



SKIN FOOD 4/-

to stimulate and nourish the tissues, retain and even restore the delicate contours of youth. To keep the skin supple, smooth and clear.



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CYCLAX POWDER 3/6 in two gradations. Standard and Superfine. One or the other will suit you perfectly, according to your skin type. A large variety of lovely shades.

TOWN AND COUNTRY



THE "Lovable Fragrance," Yardley's Lavender, is always to be encountered, but never passed by. There is something about it that makes a direct appeal to Englishwomen. It is refreshing and increases the cleansing power of soap and water. There is Lavender Salts; a few inhalations will chase a headache away. Yardleys have created many perfumes—nevertheless Bond Street reigns supreme, alluring and sophisticated it is imprisoned in artistic glass containers; it is exotic and luxurious



ALTHOUGH "Daks" and Simpsons, Piccadilly, are well-nigh synonymous terms, it must not be overlooked that they excel in the building of coats and skirts as well as sports wear in general. By the way, they will be glad to send their brochure on application. Portrayed on the left of this page is an admirably tailored coat and skirt. It is carried out in a new tweed with a "dish-cloth" weave, and although the tailoring and cut are perfectly practical and practically perfect the cost is only ten guineas. Naturally there are many variations on this theme

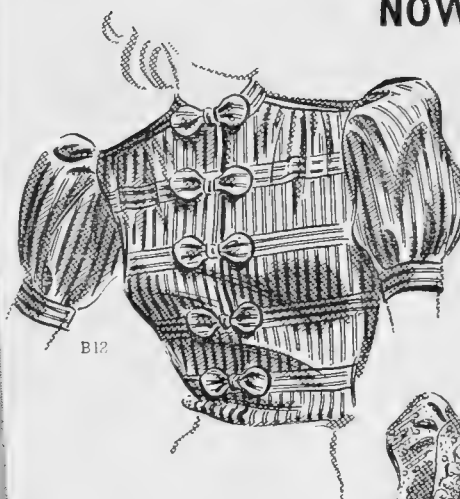
EVIDENTLY Henry Heath, 172 New Bond Street, believe in taking time by the forelock, as they are now showing their shady straw hats, two of which are illustrated on this page. They are both of baku, one being trimmed with loops of ribbon and the other with a waved quill. All interested in true sports felt hats must write for the booklet; it will be sent on application. Many of these felt hats are 25s. They set well down on the head, much care has been taken in the designing; hence new notes are present in brim and crown. A strong point in their favour is that they may be rolled up and fear not the wet weather

Pictures by Blake

Spring Symphony

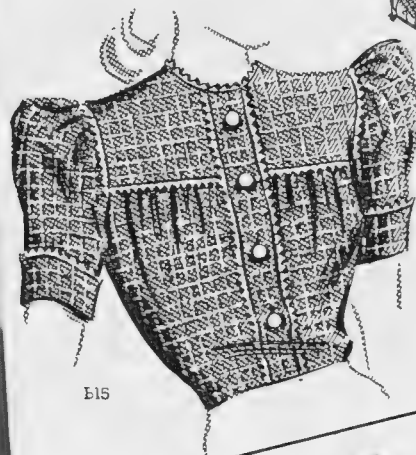
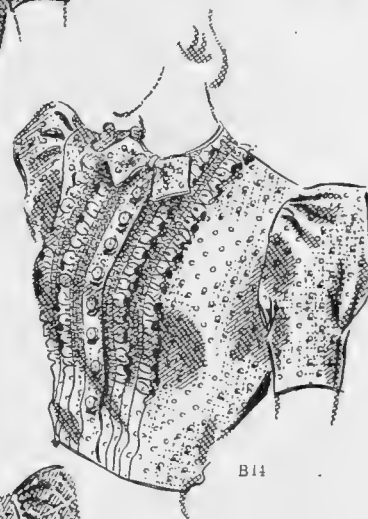
BLOUSE WEEK

NOW PROCEEDING



B12. Crease-resisting
Satin-stripe Voile.
White ground with
coloured stripes
Black, Blue, Wild Lilac,
Emerald. All
sizes. Price **29/6**

B14. Fancy Spot
Crease-resisting
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B15. Attractive Gingham
Blouse, crease-
resisting, trimmed
with gimp edging.
White Check on Blue,
Brown, Green or
Cherry Grounds.
All sizes. Price **21/-**

Walpoles

EXQUISITE LINENS—EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

Tailored pure wool Suit in Dove or
Lupin Blue. Sizes 38" to 42" hips. **7½ gns.**

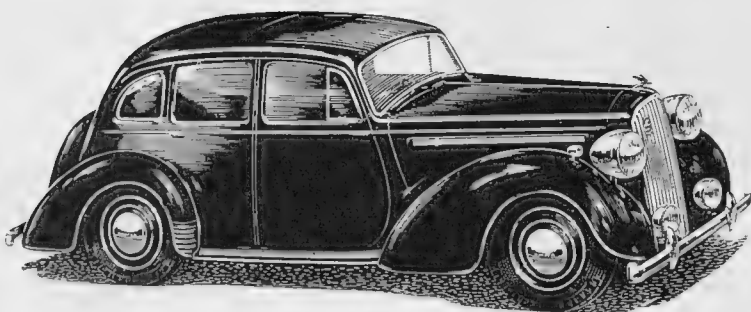
HAT. Charming Pill Box in Navy Straw.
Net Crown and bandeau, trimmed Ribbon
Velvet and Flowers to contrast. Price **45/9**

Regimental Pochette in felt, calf handle to tone, lined
Faille Silc. Fitted mirror and purse, with any regi-
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Tears in Her Eyes

(Continued from page 68)

He was a good-looking fellow, thought George, of the type which women found irresistible. It was a pity he had such an unpleasant reputation. George seemed to remember that there had been some scandal in connexion with a well-known actress which had nearly necessitated him having to resign from his regiment.

Again, although he possessed an undeniable charm of manner, it was difficult to understand exactly what it was in him which appealed to Caroline Ashton. George thought she might have selected someone a little more worthy upon whom to lavish her affections. He shrugged his shoulders; women were strange creatures, and one never knew what they were going to do next. Still, it was a pity; she was a charming girl, with beauty and intelligence, and she deserved a better fate. He smiled grimly: it was possible she would receive her deserts.

Suddenly, from the depths of the summer-house, came the sound of scratching and scraping. George turned round to find himself staring into the blue eyes of Othello, the Siamese cat, who was nonchalantly sharpening his claws on one of the wicker chairs. The animal advanced slowly, with the nautical roll peculiar to the breed, and sprang lightly on to George's lap.

Presently, the party on the tennis court broke up. From their conversation it was easy to deduce that they found it too hot to play any more that afternoon. Caroline Ashton came towards the summer-house, while the other three strolled in the direction of the house. George made an attempt to rise, which was accompanied by a squawk of indignant protest from Othello.

Caroline Ashton smiled. "Don't move," she said. "It's a shame to disturb the cat."

He pulled up a chair. "Sit down and rest from your exertions. Being young, your recovery will only be a matter of moments, but if I'd been indulging in such antics nothing short of a brandy and soda would have restored me to life."

She laughed. "Ah, but you're engaging in mental activity, which would probably have the same effect on me. By the way," she paused, and gave him a quick, penetrating glance from under her long lashes, "how are your inquiries proceeding?"

"Very well indeed."

She raised her eyebrows. "Really? Do you think you'll catch the thief?"

George took out his case and passed it to her. The hand which extracted the cigarette was perfectly steady; nevertheless, he thought he detected just a shade of uneasiness in her manner.

"Oh, undoubtedly," he replied.

"Have you any definite clues?"

He leant forward confidentially. "My dear young lady, in cases like these you've always got to look for a motive. Who would steal two hundred pounds in one-pound notes? Why, obviously, someone who was very hard-up. Now who, among the thirty people staying in this house, is very pressed for money?"

She gave a short laugh. "Quite a number, I should imagine."

"Very possibly." Absentmindedly, he stroked the cat which was sprawling across his knee; the animal responded by a deep purr. "Then you must consider the characters of your suspects. Which of them, for instance, being pressed for money, would be likely to commit a theft in order to obtain it? I think I am right in saying that that person is likely to be morally unstable."

She flicked the ash from her cigarette on to the ground. "Which of us is hard-up?"

"Oh, old Locker, Joan Robertson, young Fortescue, and"—he paused for a moment—"and Nick Browning."

"What about me?"

"Oh, you've got rich relations from whom you could borrow."

She laughed bitterly. "In order to borrow, it's necessary to find someone who is willing to lend."

He ignored this observation. "Take Nick Browning, for instance. I happen to know that he's in very low water at the moment. He's lost a great deal of money gambling recently, and as he's not a rich man, he's finding it very difficult to meet his obligations." He paused for a moment, but as she made no attempt to contradict him he continued, "Horses and women have been the downfall of many men far better than Browning. And the trouble is that he doesn't confine his attentions to only one woman which, financially speaking, is bound to be rather a strain."

Her cheeks which, a few moments before, had been flushed from her exertions, were now deathly pale. She did not even notice that the Siamese cat, goaded by a sharp prod from George, had clambered from the chaise-longue and settled itself on her knee.

"Surely you're exaggerating?" she whispered.

He ignored her distress. "Not in the very least. I never make statements which I can't prove. Browning is a blackguard, and it's well known all over London."

"But, after all," her voice was almost pleading, "a man must sow his wild oats."

"I grant you that—up to a point. But if he continues to behave in that way, he's either a fool or a knave. And any decent woman who continues to associate with him is just asking for trouble."

She stared at him. "I think you're very probably right," she said slowly.

He turned towards her. She appeared confused; there were tears in her eyes, and she fumbled in her handbag for a handkerchief. He experienced a thrill of triumph, which was modified by his sympathy for her. So his deductions had been correct!

"Nevertheless," he threw away the stub of his cigarette, "Browning didn't steal the money—although he's morally responsible. You are the thief, Lady Caroline."

"What makes you think that?" she stammered.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I suspected that Browning, being in a hole for money, would try and borrow from you. He has the charming habit of taking money from his women friends. I discovered that you, in the past, had already raised large sums for him through your unsuspecting relations, and consequently were unable to borrow any more. The only alternative was to steal the money. You knew it was there, so the rest was quite simple."

She wiped her eyes. "You've no proof of this."

He looked at her. "Not sufficient for a court of law, perhaps, but enough to prove my case. Anyway, the matter will never, of course, be put to the test. It will remain our secret." He turned to her. "I'm afraid this is distressing you very much."

She drew herself up haughtily. "I'm not crying," she protested, "if that's what you mean. I still have enough pride left to prevent that."

"No," he said slowly, "you're not crying. But there are tears in your eyes due to the same reason as on the night of the robbery—when you'd been trapped for some minutes behind the curtain. I remember thinking at the time that you seemed very upset."

"And what is this reason?" she demanded.

"Hay fever—which some people experience in proximity to a cat."

* * *

On Monday, April 8, the author of that very successful play, *Lot's Wife*, Peter Blackmore had his new comedy staged at Richmond Theatre. It is entitled *Blue Nose* and is not, as might be imagined, the name of a night club, but that of a yacht, which having sailed around the world, anchors in a bay on the south coast of England. The young pioneer who sails her, climbs up the cliff for water and becomes involved in the life of the local borough treasurer, and his family and friends, with romantic and exciting consequences.

An exceptionally brilliant company has been chosen to interpret this delightful piece of fun. It is headed by Joyce Barbour and Dorothy Hyson and includes Ambrosine Phillpotts, Eliot Makeham, Rosalind Atkinson, Peter Murray Hill, Noel Howlett, Davina Craig, Arthur Burne and Patrick Boxill.

* * *

We regret that in our issue of March 27 we said that a picture of Prince Knud of Denmark and his wife Princess Caroline Mathilde with their daughter and recently born son was of Prince Knud's brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and his wife, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, who have no children.

* * *

In our issue of March 27, Lady Moyra Butler, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ossory, was inadvertently referred to as the daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough, whose family name is also Butler. We regret any inconvenience this error may have caused.



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FLIGHT LIEUTENANT AND
MRS. D. W. S. HOWROYD

Who were married recently at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road. Flight Lieutenant Howroyd is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Howroyd, of Merebank, Ulet Road, Liverpool, and his bride was formerly Miss Barbara Cunningham, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. H. L. Cunningham, Rahere House, Chesham, Bucks

Mary's Church, Donnybrook, Dublin, between the Rev. Derek Leighton Ross, only son of the Rev. R. and Mrs. Ross, of Harmondsworth, Middlesex, and Miss Enid Gwyneth Meares, youngest daughter of Mr. George M. Meares, of Woodview, Donnybrook, Dublin.

Forthcoming Wedding.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Edward Asa Thomas, R.A., and Miss Patricia Marion Collingwood Fletcher will take place at Preston Old Church, Brighton, on April 20. There will be no reception, but friends will be welcome at the church.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Friday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Friday, in Malta, between Mr. John Reginald Hall Parlby, The Devonshire Regiment, and Miss Angela Suzanne Layton.

Saturday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at St. James's Church, Kidbrooke, S.E.23, between Pilot Officer William Fisher, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hamilton-Fisher, of Perth, Western Australia, and Miss Joan Elizabeth Mason, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mason, of Wallington.

Today's Wedding.

The marriage will take place today at St.



MISS P. M. BETHAM

Whose engagement is announced to Mr. William Charles Walker Sloan, 3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales Dragoon Guards), eldest son of the late R. A. Walker Sloan and Mrs. Walker Sloan, of Elshields Tower, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire. Miss Patricia Margaret Betham is the only child of Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Betham, C.I.E., M.C., His Majesty's Minister Nepal, and Mrs. Betham, the British Legation, Kathmandu, Nepal

Wedding Abroad.

The marriage will take place in India on April 15 between Captain J. M. C. Hoblyn, Royal Signals, and Miss Molly Urwick, younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Urwick and Lady Urwick, of Nethermoor, Brockenhurst.

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Surgeon-Lieutenant

Hugh Stanton Provis, M.B., Ch.B., R.N.V.R., eldest son of the Rev. G. S. Provis, of The Rectory, Petworth, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Provis, and Miss Ruth Winifred Mackay, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mackay, of The Mount, Yarm, Yorkshire; Flight

Lieutenant Stephen Dodds, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dodds, of Stockton Lane, York, and Miss Florence Margaret (Peggy) Walter, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Walter, of La Maison de Haut, St. Sampson's, Guernsey; Lance-Bombardier Arthur Reincke, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reincke, of Cutbush, Shinfield, Berkshire, and Miss Diana Corfield, youngest daughter of Mr. T. H. Corfield and Mrs. Corfield, of 75 York Mansions, S.W.11; Mr. H. W. M. Parker, younger son of the late Canon W. A. H. Parker and of Mrs. Parker, and Miss Joan Connolly, youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly.



MISS CHARLOTTE FINCH-NOYES

Photographed in the porch of Wardens House, Corsham, Wilts, as she was leaving for her wedding to Mr. W. Richardson at Corsham Parish Church recently. Wardens House, which adjoins Lord Methuen's estate, was built in 1663 by Dame Margaret Hungerford, and is full of beauty and historic interest



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CH. PONTO, THE SAGACIOUS DOG

Property of Mrs. Fagan

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

At the recent committee meeting it was unanimously agreed to send a donation to one of the societies in connexion with the mercantile marine, so a cheque has been sent to the British Sailors' Society.

There is no doubt that lately, life has become far too complicated for us all, including our dogs,

especially in the matter of food, and it will do neither us nor them any harm to resort to simpler diets. I do not believe any healthy being requires perpetual chemical foods, and that plain food, fresh air and plenty of exercise will keep most dogs, and humans, healthy. Dogs have strong digestions and can assimilate food we cannot, and really enjoy it. Witness what they pick up and eat quite with impunity.

The Cairn and the Scottie undoubtedly had the same origin in the old rough-coated Highland Terrier, but they developed on different lines and the modern Scottie is a long way from his forebears. He has retained his character, if not his appearance and has many devoted friends. He makes the ideal house dog, being not particularly anxious to make friends with strangers and very intelligent and devoted. The Cairn we all know and he well deserves his popularity. Mrs. Douglas Clark has a well-known kennel of Cairns and has lately added Scotties where she has done well. No easy job! The photograph is of Ginger Boy, a well-known winner. She must reduce her kennel and writes: "I have for sale a seven months Scottie dog, most attractive. Also an eighteen months Scottie bitch, lovely, both at war prices; and some two-year-old Cairn bitches, very nice indeed, at nominal prices to good homes." Mrs. Clark would bring any of them to London to be seen.

The Pyrenean is one of the oldest breeds. For centuries he has guarded the homes and flocks in the Pyrenees. His character is in keeping with his appearance; he is dignified, devoted and though a determined guard, free from all treachery. They were fairly well known before the last war, when Lady Sybil Grant had a large kennel which was then given up. Mme Trois Fontaines did a good work in reintroducing them a few years ago, since when they have prospered. She has exported some to Australia where they made a great sensation; there are also several in India; Scotland has fallen a victim to them, and there was every sign they would have prospered. Mme Trois Fontaines still has a few for sale. Mr. Croxton Smith in his interesting book "About Our Dogs" writes: "So great is my admiration for the Pyrenean, it is difficult for me to write with becoming restraint," and he speaks from experience of one. These dogs which have been bred for generations as guards are ideal companions for lonely places and people, being trusty and not the least vicious.



SCOTTISH TERRIER

Property of Mrs. Douglas Clark



MME TROIS FONTAINES

And her winning Pyreneans

The latest Terrier addition to the show world is the Norwich Terrier. He does not pretend to be an old breed and admits he was evolved, but he is a very nice little dog indeed and if he does not succumb to the perils of exaggeration on the bench, will be very popular with those who want a small, hardy, lively and intelligent companion, easy to take about and no trouble. The photograph of Mrs. Fagan's celebrity "Ch. Ponto, the sagacious dog" as she says, shows what they are like. Ponto was a full champion at ten months old. All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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At all Stores, Boots and good Chemists.

Adelaide Grey

27 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 50)

Yachting seems a bit far away these days, and no one is likely to do much pleasure cruising or racing until we have run into and broken up "the fox" we are at present so busy hunting, but there are still some enthusiasts who find some small consolation in talking about it. This is an extract from a letter from an old friend who tries to pretend that he is only a landlubber, but who really knows quite a lot about it, as I am personally aware:

"I had a look at the *Yachting World* today, which I am glad to see still survives, though as a monthly instead of a weekly. They do breed some rum coves across the Atlantic, *vide* Professor Pitkin treated of in this number, who has just been rescued off a cake of ice in the Hudson River on New Year's Eve, his craft, the *Experimenter*, having been torn open and sunk by floating ice. This craft had four separate keels, basket-work masts, was brigantine rigged, with two 90-h.p. Diesels, and a beam of 27 feet (length W.L. or other not stated), and cost 100,000 dollars. It was apparently built by house carpenters! It must have been a sight, like the famous wind-tower ship, now happily extinct.

"Speaking as a non-yachtsman, I have frequently wondered in my ignorance, why the sea racing gents can't hoist an honest yard and a square sail when occasion serves and have done with it. These fore and afters would be, one would imagine, much safer and happier craft with such a sail when the wind is aft.

"I believe such sails were originally banned to stop an undue multiplication of fancy sails, but considering the present fashion of Genoa jibs, balloon topsails, etc., I can't see that it would make much difference, but of course I admit to being entirely ignorant of these matters."



ALSO MR. SIMON SCROPE AND
CAPTAIN AND MRS. P. R. W. ROBINSON

Photos: Truman Howell

The best propaganda is the unvarnished truth; the worst, the palpable lie. This is why the tale about that "luxury liner," the *Altmark*, has only cut ice with the very credulous. No one believes that there were 299 British liars aboard that charming ship. Following is a further instance of the futility of Doktor Goebbels's methods and as the information happens to be straight from the fountain head, it is worth pondering.

(Continued on page vi)



AT THE LLANGIBBY HUNT BALL: MISS
CYNTHIA OWEN AND MR. P. D. MACKLEY

The Llangibby is one of the few hunts which has risked running a ball this season. It was held in Newport with much éclat. Mr. Scrope's family has been seated at Danby Hall, Yorkshire, for nine generations, and is connected by marriage with both the Ellesmere and Sykes families. Miss Owen, who is in the picture on the left, is a daughter of Brigadier-General Charles Owen, the Hunt Secretary

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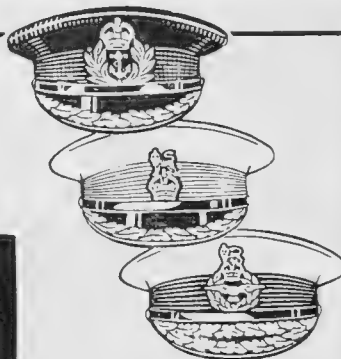
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AYRSHIRE WEDDING

Hugh Thomson

Captain Ian George Fraser Cruden got fourteen days' leave from his regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, for his wedding recently to Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the late Mr. G. L. Wilson and of Mrs. Wilson. The wedding took place at Alloway Church, Ayrshire, and the picture was taken at Castlehill, home of the bride's mother, where the wedding reception was held.

Pictures in the Fire

(Contd. from page iv)

Here are the facts which are very different from the German fiction:

In broadcasts to neutral countries the Germans continue to boost their "Me 109" fighter as "the world's fastest," and "a German masterpiece." In fact it is well outclassed in speed, armament and power of manoeuvre by comparable standard single-seat fighters of the Allies which have been in service for some time. It is also noteworthy that whilst many German "Me 109" fighters have been shot down in combat with British bombers, not a single British fighter has been lost in the fights in which they destroyed over forty German bombers.

British "Spitfire II."—Engine 1,050 h.p.R.—R."Merlin"; wing span, 36 ft. 10 in.; length, 29 ft.

11 in.; maximum speed, 367 m.p.h. Armament, eight machine guns; rate of fire, 1,200 rounds a minute each gun.

German "Me 109."—1,150 h.p. D.B. 601; wing span, 32 ft. 6 in.; length, 32 ft.; maximum speed, 354 m.p.h. Four machine guns, or two guns and two cannon.

French "Curtiss-Hawk 75a."—900 h.p.P.&W."Wasp"; wing span, 37 ft. 3 in.; length, 28 ft. 9 in.; maximum speed, 303 m.p.h. Six machine guns.

This sort of thing is all of a piece with the never-ending claims made concerning the sinkings of units of the British Navy and the destruction of our aircraft in any scraps that may take place. All this, of course, is brewed for home consumption in Germany where no one is permitted to know the truth and has to take for gospel everything that her Minister of Propaganda sees fit to ladle out. No enemy newspaper ever gets through, and we know the penalty upon any German for listening in.



BIG FISH FROM THE WYE

Abery

Mr. G. E. Thwaites, of Holdfast Manor, Upton-on-Severn, and a thirty-six pounder (a record for this season's fishing on the upper Wye), and also with three other fine fish he has killed on Dan-y-Coed Waters, on the Wye, at Builth Wells. The (only comparatively speaking) smaller fish weigh twenty, nineteen and seventeen pounds.



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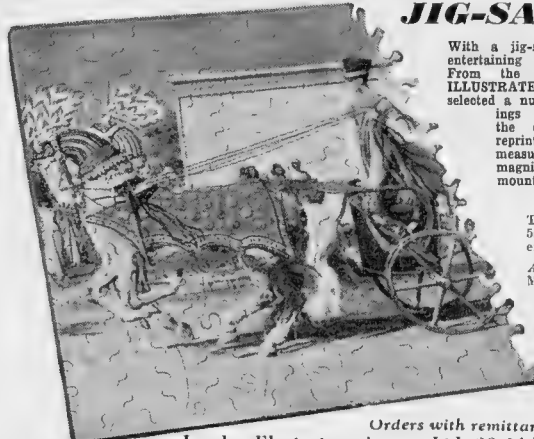


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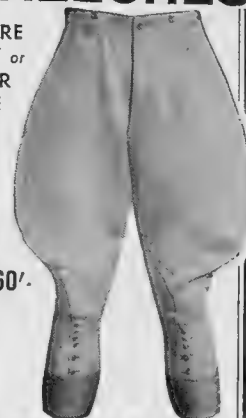
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And the World Said—(Continued from page 38)

Rolt of motor racing fame, in uniform in the Buttery; and at Quaglino's Mrs. "Tony" Murray-Smith and Mrs. Ben Bathurst, the latter hatless, exuberantly happy as usual, and full of Mrs. Henry Martineau's Easter gathering in Hampshire.

A Wedding Party

Mrs. Cecil Leatham, whose rosy cavalryman son "Paddy" married Lady Buckland's youngest daughter, Cecily, on Saturday, was justifiably enraged on reading a fulsome interview with herself on the subject of the loving couple in a morning pictorial, to which she had only spoken for a moment, and rung off because they pressed her to name her son's regiment, etc. Unlike the Leatham-Berry wedding, the marriage of Edward Mayer, the bridge ace, and Mrs. Griselda Gage, the golfer, escaped publicity. After a service at St. Ethelburga's, they gave a comfortable sit-down champagne party at the Dorchester, where her four small children were much petted. They hung their heads with becoming embarrassment when Admiral Sir Max Horton spoke their praises in one of the most forthright speeches I have ever heard at a wedding. The most decorative and dressed-up guest was Mrs. Edward Doughty, the K.C.'s new daughter-in-law. Lord and Lady Jessel augmented the Old Guard on the bridegroom's side. Though no relation, his namesake, the Edward Mayer who used to play polo and married the first Mrs. "Geordie" Gordon-Duff (Rosemary Craven), was bidden



LORD HANWORTH AND MISS ISOLDA PARKER

Whose engagement was announced on April 2. Lord Hanworth is a sapper with R.A.F. leanings and Miss Parker is a junior company commander, A.T.S., and the engagement came about at the centre at which they are stationed



LADY KINROSS AND SIR FRANCIS ROSE

At their joint exhibition of their works at the Matthieson Galleries, in New Bond Street. This is Lady Kinross's first exhibition. Sir Francis Rose has travelled extensively in China and the East and while waiting to be called up has been busy writing his memoirs and some essays on his special study, the Taoist philosophy

because his wife knows the bride, whose country neighbours present included Mrs. "Dickie" Herbert, on leave from Reading Hospital where she has been a V.A.D. for what seems an eternity, owing to the nature of the work.

War Work in Bermuda

Bermuda has lost much of its American tourist trade to Nassau this winter on account of the war, but undaunted by the local anxieties, the richer inhabitants put on "the first foreign world premiere" of *Gone With the Wind* for war charities. Mrs. Wallace T. Orr paid for the right to show the picture, which was preceded by "appropriate selections" by the band of the Shropshire Light Infantry whose Major M. M. Hughes-Hallett, was in the audience, as was the Governor, Sir Denis Bernard.

Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 42)

place, but the same can't be said about owners. In these hard financial times there are bound to be a lot of owners who will drop out, and if only in their own interests it is up to racecourse companies to see to it that the casualty list is as small as possible. If I had my way, the motto "Owners are indispensable" would be written over the doorway of every weighing-room.

The English talent for understatement is world famous, and a masterly example was produced by a sporting journalist when summing up the chances of the horses in the Lincolnshire Handicap. He wrote, "I understand that the husband of the owner of Quartier Maitre is also interested in a bookmaking business." I felt like writing to tell him that if he happened to be writing about soldiers, Lord Gort had joined

up, while if his editor sent him to cover the Church Conference not to forget that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a keen churchgoer. Twenty-two years ago I had my first bet with Ladbroke's, and I have been owing them money off and on ever since, but we've never had a cross word, though there have been times when I've felt rather uncomfortable walking down Old Burlington Street. A little while ago, Arthur produced some superlative old brandy and an enormous ledger and proved to me that I had won off them on balance. As I've never had a mistake in over a thousand accounts I have received from them, I suppose he was right; but I'm hanged if I know what I've done with it.

Mrs. Vernet is still the best-dressed woman on our racecourses, as she was when I started



GORDON'S FIRST LINCOLNSHIRE WINNER

Coming in after the race on Mrs. A. Bendir's Quartier Maitre who started a firm favourite at 7 to 2 and won very comfortably. It was Gordon Richards' first win in this race. Gordon has still to win the Derby

betting with her, while she looks even younger and dances more lightly than she did in those far-away days. I did not back Quartier Maitre, but I was delighted at the success of this fully exposed horse, with the champion in the saddle. The Quartermaster had the reputation for being "funny," but Gordon has a way with him, like the good queen of blessed memory, of showing that he is not amused; and Quartier Maitre realized that it was not an occasion for mirth provoking tactics and went about his business like a good 'un. Like many others, who have on occasions betted beyond their means, I have received nothing but courtesy and consideration from the husband of Quartier Maitre's charming owner and I offer them both my congratulations on a well-deserved victory. The National, of course, eludes one this week but will give all of us plenty of copy next!

G. G.



THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AND MISS MONICA SHERIFFE

Her Grace's grey, Ticca Gari, a name which means in India a flea, box on wheels or cab, ran third in the Lincoln to Quartier Maitre and Uncle Archie who is also a grey



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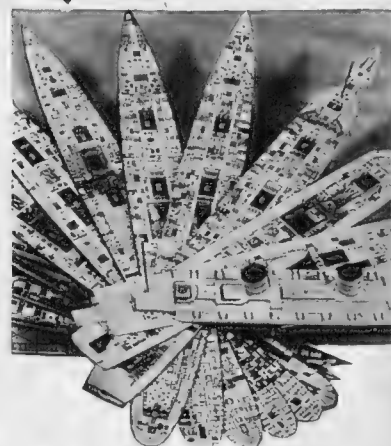
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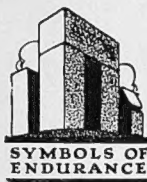
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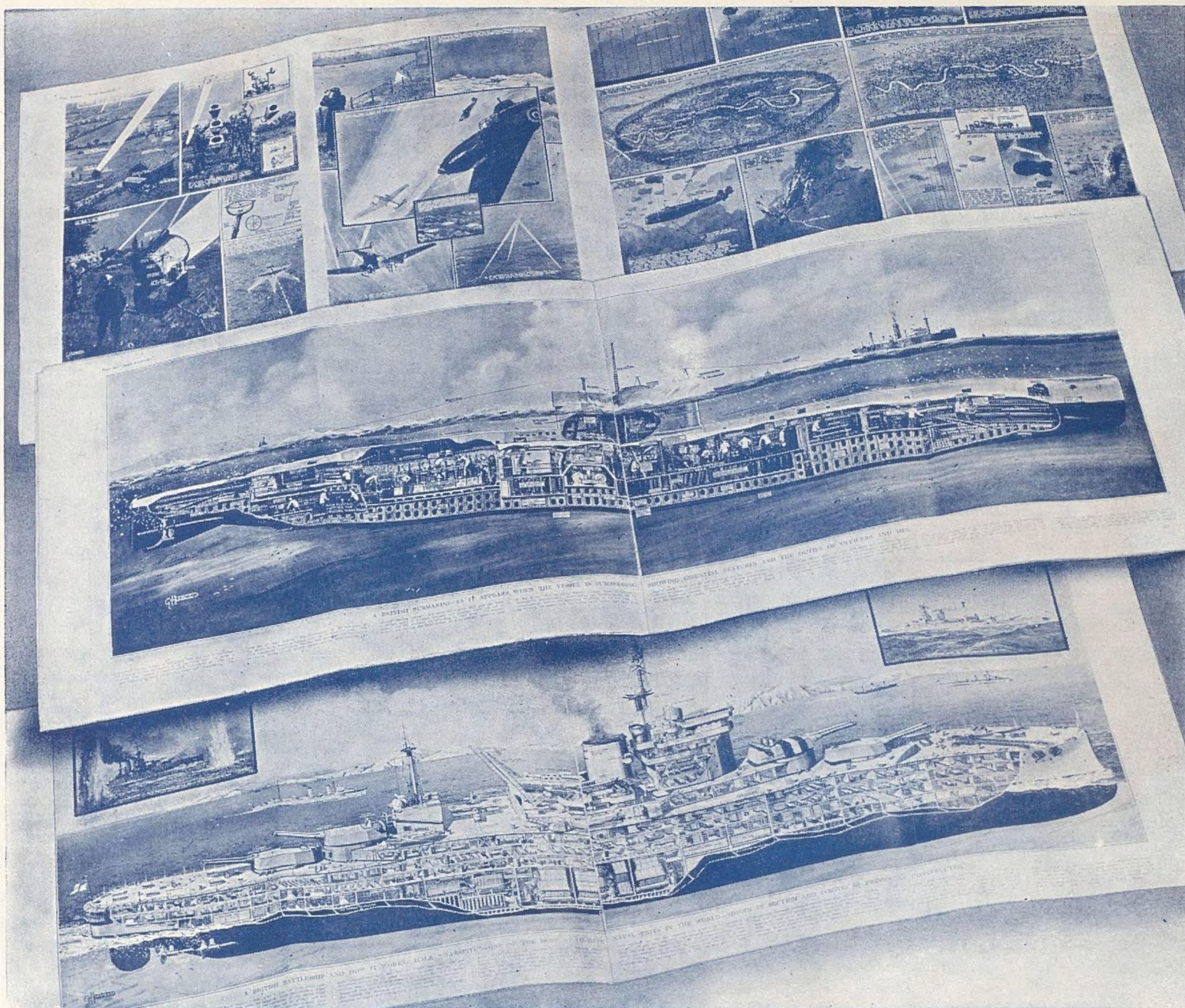
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